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The Week

THE freeing of Harry Sinclair is a grave disappointment to those who had hoped that, at last, punishment through court action was to be meted out to at least one of the principals in the oil scandals. The jury which found him not guilty had before it the same evidence on which the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court had declared the Teapot Dome lease to be tainted with fraud and corruption, and had ordered it cancelled. This jury knew that Sinclair had paid Fall more than $300,000 shortly after the lease was signed, and that his only explanation of this was that he was buying a third interest in Fall's ranch at Three Rivers, New Mexico, a property which was not worth $300,000 *in toto*. It knew that he refused to take the stand in his own defense. It knew, unofficially if not as a matter of court record, that a previous trial of the same case had come to an end because of jury shadowing by detectives in the pay of Sinclair's associates, and that because of this, Sinclair and others now stand under sentence of imprisonment and fine. It knew the oil leases were surrounded by secrecy, and that Fall lied about them at the time. It presumably knew that Martin W. Littleton, Sinclair's attorney, in the previous trial had told the jury that Sinclair had no connection with the bonds of the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., a statement now admitted to be false. Yet, in the face of all this, it found Sinclair not proven guilty. It is hardly surprising that Senator Nye should have exclaimed "You can't convict a million dollars," and that even so conservative an administration organ as the New York Herald Tribune should call the result "a failure of justice which every honest man will deplore."

IT IS more important to try to understand the action of the jury than to express moral indignation about it. What are the possible motives which may have led it to such a step? Several may be enumerated: It may have felt that, while Sinclair and Fall were probably guilty, the government had failed to establish proof of the conspiracy "beyond a reasonable doubt." It may have believed, as one of the jurors said, that Fall got money from Sinclair because of what he had done for the latter, but that no definite arrangement to this effect had been made before the lease was consummated and that therefore no conspiracy existed. It may have considered that four trials, the loss of money invested in the Teapot Dome, and the notoriety he has received constituted adequate punishment for Sinclair. It may have believed that Sinclair and Fall did "no more than what anybody else would have done in their place," and that punishment is therefore unfair. Shocking as it may seem, this sort of cynicism is so common among average citizens of the sort from whom this jury was drawn, that it may almost be said to be the majority view. And finally, it may have been intimidated by Sinclair's wealth, as Senator Nye and several others suggested. Whatever its motives, it has rendered its verdict, and that verdict cannot legally be set aside. But the country as a whole will not agree with the

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jury. There is ample evidence that those citizens who are sufficiently interested to think at all about the matter have rejected Sinclair's story that he gave for one-third of Fall's ranch more than the entire property was worth. They believe with the Supreme Court that, whether Sinclair and Fall were technically guilty of conspiracy or not, their transaction was tainted with fraud and corruption, and will remain forever a stain on the record of the Harding administration.

FRANCE has now made public her own proposed treaty outlawing war. She has sent the draft of it to the same powers which had a few days previously received the text of Mr. Kellogg's proposal, and the two may now be put side by side for the whole world to look at. They are based on different systems of thought. Mr. Kellogg's plan proposes the renunciation of all war, regardless of everything else. The Briand treaty would renounce all wars except those which may be found necessary in maintenance of the present *status quo* for France. The text of the treaty shows, even more clearly than did the previous note, that it is not her obligations under the League of Nations which are so much at issue, as France's commitments under her special treaties with Poland and the members of the Little Entente. Even with both sides willing to compromise to some extent, it is difficult to see how the two proposals can be reconciled.

COMMENT from the various capitals is illuminating. Italy wants no treaty at all. Germany is inclined to prefer the Kellogg treaty to M. Briand's. From Japan we have had no clear word except the suggestion, not a very practicable one at present, that the United States should drop the Kellogg treaty and join the League of Nations instead. From London comes unofficial comment favoring the American proposal. If Great Britain and Germany should officially take the position which is forecast by their press comment, France will, indeed, be in a predicament. For Great Britain and Germany are, of course, just as good members of the League as is France; and if they feel that their membership does not prohibit signing Mr. Kellogg's treaty, the French will be hard put to it to explain why they themselves cannot do so. They will, moreover, be confronted by the possibility that the other powers named may go ahead and sign the Kellogg treaty without waiting for France. These are, decidedly, difficult times for the Quai d'Orsay.

THE first of France's two successive Sunday election days shows no important surprises. Poincaré continues in control. The results of the second Sunday's voting may necessitate some changes in his cabinet, but none of significance. The Communists, although they are increasing in actual numbers, and registered a million votes in the first day's balloting, did not win a single seat on that day; and the Socialists, with 1,500,000, obtained but fourteen. The election turned almost entirely on domestic issues. France is satisfied with the efforts Poincaré is making toward financial rehabilitation; it is willing to have him struggle with the impending problems of war debts and revision of reparations. The country is also sufficiently pleased with the work of Briand in the field of foreign relations to wish him to continue.

IN CHINA, where several million people are once more threatened with famine, the spring military operations are under way. The armies of the Nationalist government at Nanking are engaged in a new push toward Peking, which is defended by the foreigners' favorite, Chang Tso-lin, former Manchurian bandit. The Japanese have promptly landed troops in Shantung province, and the customary barrage of protests has begun, from both Nanking and Peking. The Nanking armies are under command of Chiang Kai-shek, who has as his ally the powerful Feng Yu-hsiang, once known as the "Christian General." Feng has at his command important forces who are attached to him by ties of personal loyalty, and will take the field on one side or the other at his command. The Nationalists are now free from the Communism which offered their opponents such an excellent tool in propaganda against them. While it is true that the nearer they get to Peking, the greater their difficulties will be, it is by no means impossible that they may succeed in reaching the capital, and in putting an end to the rule of Chang Tso-lin.

AT THE moment, the most interesting thing about the Nanking government is the relation to it of Chiang Kai-shek. It will be remembered that Chiang was forced out of his post as head of the Nationalist armies last summer, and forced to flee temporarily to Japan. There he bided his time, and in November he was able to return to Nanking. He made himself generalissimo, but despite all his efforts, he was not able, as he wished, to seize the reins of power and constitute himself the sole head of the government. Civilian committees remain in control, even of some of the sources of revenue. In the opinion of Grover Clark, the well informed editor of the Peking Leader, the present drive is something of a gesture of desperation on the part of Chiang Kai-shek. His prestige was waning in any case; he now stakes all on a gamble. If he is unable to reach Peking, he has shot his bolt and will presumably be driven again into exile. If he wins, he will be very much more powerful, but also, China will have been unified, at least temporarily, for the first time in many years. The unknown factor in all this is Feng Yu-hsiang. What sort of bargain did Chiang drive with him? It may be taken for granted that it was one which went heavily in Feng's favor: that is the only sort in

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which he is interested. A China "unified" under the control of Feng and Chiang would not be conspicuously better off than a China under Chiang and Chang; nor would it stay unified very long. Whatever happens, peace in that unhappy land is still far off; it is still necessary to think of developments there not in terms of years, but of decades.

IF THERE is any more thrilling feat in the history of aviation than the flight of Captain Wilkins and Mr. Eielson, we do not know what it was. They started from a place so inaccessible that the world did not even know they had taken off; they flew for twenty and a half hours across the most inaccessible region in the world, and, with a combination of skill and good luck which seems unbelievable, they managed to land, in the midst of a violent storm, on an island almost exactly in their course. Five days later they took to the air again after having used up half their dwindling fuel supply in repeated unsuccessful attempts to do so, and finished the journey to Spitzbergen. The air race from California to Hawaii was denounced as too dangerous, and the loss of life proved that such was the case; but Wilkins and Eielson had to reach an equally small mark under flying conditions so much more difficult as to be hardly comparable. The scientific value of their feat will doubtless be overestimated; it is the custom of airmen, seeking to find justification for what remains essentially an adventure in sportsmanship, to attribute to such flights a scientific value they do not possess. But no one can overestimate the reckless intrepidity, or the skill, of these two gallant voyagers.

ONCE again, President Coolidge has been obliged to protest against the use of his name as a candidate for the Republican nomination. Before the Massachusetts primary this week, he wrote a letter to Chairman Prescott of the State Republican Committee referring to reports that "some persons" were intending to write in his name on the ballot. He explained that such action would be "most embarrassing" to him, and asked that it should not be done. The New Republic sympathizes with the President in his predicament. It believes him to be sincere in not wanting to run, and takes it for granted that most of those in the "draft-Coolidge" movement are hypocritical in their pretensions. They are seeking to avoid having their state delegations committed to someone else, in order to smooth the way for another of those conferences "in a smoke-filled hotel room at two o'clock in the morning" like the one in which the late Mr. Harding was put over. But why, in the name of common sense, does the President not put an end to all this sort of talk by making just one plain and unequivocal declaration about his candidacy? He has only to say that he absolutely refuses to be a candidate under any circumstances, to halt all the political machinations which are now going on. As long as he declines to come out with a forthright "No!" he must continue to expect the sort of thing against which he has just protested.

A YEAR ago occurred the most disastrous flood in the history of the Mississippi. The need of both remedial and preventive measures was at once recognized, and plans for them were put under way. Now, one year later, with new floods threatening in the same regions, what progress has been made? Two plans have been drawn up and presented for the consideration of Congress. One of these was much more expensive than the other, and without serious consideration of the engineering features but on grounds of economy, the cheaper one was selected. Thereupon, Congress proceeded to weight it down with "pork barrel" provisions. The army engineers believe in its present form it would cost a billion and a half dollars, though its defenders dispute this and think that for the next decade or two it would cost but half a billion. Most of the debate has not been whether it provides adequate flood control, but whether the inhabitants of the regions protected, along the lower Mississippi, should pay a share of the cost, and if so, how large a share, and whether appropriations they have already made should be credited against their assessment. President Coolidge threatens to veto the bill if passed in its present recklessly extravagant form; and the members of Congress, more concerned with pleasing their constituents than with meeting the engineering needs of the situation, propose to try to pass the measure over his veto. We shall be luckier than we deserve if, while the haggling goes on, the river does not again rise in its wrath and drown out the districts which were inundated last year.

Our Chance in Nicaragua

THE demand is beginning to be heard that President Coolidge should "send Morrow to Nicaragua." The argument runs that, since he has done so well in Mexico, he is just the man to visit the other Latin republic where we are most seriously engaged, and in which, admittedly, things are not going well for us.

No one can deny that sending Morrow to Nicaragua would almost certainly result in some amelioration of conditions. Since Colonel Stimson visited that country a year ago, we have had no official representative there except the routine officials of the State Department, and the officers of the Marines. It is the duty of the former to report to their superiors, but tradition is all against their making suggestions for important modifications of policy. The latter are not supposed to trouble their heads about policy at all, but simply to start fighting at the word of command and keep on fighting until told to halt, however much they, as individuals, may disapprove of the character

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and purpose of the combat. Our policy in Nicaragua might cry out for modification, but we should never learn this from the official representatives of our government who are now on the spot.

It must be conceded further that the present is an auspicious moment for an attempt to find a new footing for our relation with the Nicaraguans, and that for at least four reasons. Central America takes its cue, in regard to the degree of cordiality exhibited toward the United States, from Mexico; and Mexico at present, and largely because of Mr. Morrow's work, is in a markedly friendly frame of mind. In the second place, one of the chief reasons for our occupying Nicaragua and interfering in her internal affairs to the utmost possible degree was, according to Robert E. Olds, Assistant Secretary of State, to drive a wedge between Mexican Bolshevist influence and the Panama Canal. But it is now admitted, in the new era of good feeling, that this so dangerous Mexican Bolshevism, seeping southward, never had any existence outside the fevered imaginations of Mr. Olds and his informants. Therefore, one of the main pillars supporting our past actions in Nicaragua has been removed. Again, the Stimson agreement, which is the technical basis for our intervention in Nicaragua, involved an understanding between the Liberals and Conservatives that we should police the country until the election next autumn. But the Conservatives, by formal vote in the Chamber of Deputies, have repudiated the Stimson agreement, and our supervision is now continuing only under an executive decree of President Diaz, of dubious legality.

Finally, the rainy season is on the point of beginning, on the Pacific slope, and will follow very shortly on the eastern side of the mountains, toward the Caribbean. This means that unless we capture or kill Sandino within the next week or two, we are unlikely to be able to do so until November or December, when the election will have been held and the chief reason for our campaign of extermination against him will have been eliminated. Fighting during the rainy season is practically impossible; the average precipitation at some points is *eight feet*. And conditions during the rainy season are even more favorable to the natives than during the rest of the year.

Clearly, then, the time is ripe for a change in our Nicaraguan policy. Could it be accomplished by sending Mr. Morrow to Managua? That question can only be answered by considering what terms he might make. It is obvious that the situation there is very different from the one he has been facing in Mexico. In the latter country, the United States believed itself to have a grievance because of domestic legislation considered prejudicial to the interests of our capitalists. In Nicaragua, we find the country occupied by American troops continuously, except for a few months, since 1912. We see a president in office there who has been the notorious tool of the Americans for sixteen years past. We note that he was put in power, despite the much better claims of Solorzano and Sacasa, through American influence, and his regime recognized with lightning speed by the State Department at Washington. We find the United States openly claiming a special position in Nicaragua, first, because of the canal which we may some day build there, and second, because of the necessity, as we allege, for giving military protection to the Panama Canal.

Under these circumstances, what could Mr. Morrow do? He might conceivably lure the Conservatives back into the fold where Colonel Stimson had penned them last year. He might, by his personal charm and tact, persuade some Nicaraguans that "the North Americans" are a more pleasant race than they had been led to suppose. But beyond this he could hardly go without a real change in our policy. And unless such a change in policy is in contemplation, it would be wasting his time and Nicaragua's to take him away from his vitally important and still uncompleted work in Mexico.

The lines of a possible changed policy have been indicated in previous articles in the New Republic. In so far as there is a case, in the interest of justice and humanitarianism, for what we are doing in Nicaragua, there is a far better case for having such efforts accomplished by international action. Upon an historic occasion, the Argentine Republic, Brazil and Chile lent their good offices in the effort to settle a vexed question having to do with the relations between two North American nations. Why should we not invite them, and other Latin powers as well, to participate with us in the endeavor to set the Nicaraguan government on its feet? If they were to refuse the invitation, as it is of course conceivable that they might, we should still be in an immeasurably stronger position than now; for we could then argue that we were carrying out a work of which Latin America had declined to do its proper share. If they accepted, the chances are overwhelming that we should still be asked to do very much what we have already done, except that it would be under international auspices, critics of our policy would have their wings clipped, and the feeling toward us in Latin America would be greatly bettered. We are aware of no essential American interest which would be likely to be impaired by such a policy. As far as the proposed Nicaraguan canal is concerned, no one in that country, or elsewhere, has indicated any hostility to such an enterprise. As regards possible military operations of a character hostile to the Panama Canal, they would be as unlikely under joint, as under exclusively American, intervention. It is impossible not to believe that the danger of such operations is a bogey invented by the professional alarmists among the military men.

If the present administration would undertake

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such an alteration of our Nicaraguan policy as is here proposed, Mr. Morrow could be of great assistance in working it out. But unless President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg are prepared to go thus far, bringing Mr. Morrow into the problem would be futile. As long as our attitude is to be based, in the last analysis, on force and nothing else, skilled negotiators are needless. All you require in that case is somebody who can count the guns.

From Dogmatism to Pragmatism

IN THIS country labor has preferred economic action to political action. It brought results. Political action brought failure, and that is a tradition with which labor never cared to be associated in public. In recent years the economic action of labor organizations has shown diminishing returns. The membership has dropped off. Injunctions and company unions have been building a fence that confines organized labor into an ever smaller arena. It has dropped from the heavyweight into the middleweight class. The crowds don't turn out for its shows the way they used to do.

This is the situation which confronted the Socialist party at its recent convention. What could the party leaders do to convince the producing classes of the country that, for the moment at least, their best bet was such independent political action as the party offered? They did a good deal. Both the new platform and the candidates nominated represent and mark a change that has been going on for some time in the thinking of its leaders.

This country has never shown any great willingness to accept the Marxian version of the destiny of society. There was too much fatalism about it for a young and husky nation. The American tragedy was never the pitiful fight between two classes with the underdog going further under all the time. Certain groups have had that experience, but instead of convincing the rest of the country that such an experience was inevitable in the very organization of our society, they have simply convinced the rest of us of our superiority, and of the opportunity for superior people. Dreiser was right. The tragedy has rather been one of not keeping up with the Joneses as rapidly as we had hoped to do.

To meet this American situation the party has now chosen to throw some of the Marxian slogans overboard and to leave it to time and their own experience to convince the workers that the rest of these slogans were correct and compelling statements of our situation. Nowhere in the platform is there any reference to that great act of blind faith which once knit the Marxian fundamentalists together, the inspired prophecy that the condition of the workers would get worse and worse until a redeeming, purifying revolution was inevitable. First the unions themselves and then the machines shattered the somewhat religious faith in that cataclysm of salvation.

In effect, what the party is now doing is to say: "While it is true that our natural resources, the skill of our workers, the ability of our engineers have given us a level of well-being of which our fathers never dared to dream, there are black spots that must out. Bankrupt farmers, farm tenancy on the increase, wide unemployment, the chaos of coal and textiles, injunctions, imperialist wars, legalized murders and the like. These things need not be." Instead of calling for recruits for the inevitable class struggle with its gory and glorious end, they proceed to talk a kind of common sense. Give us a chance, they say, and we will show you what we can do to make living cheaper for you, life more secure. Government ownership of power plants and railroads are important because they will give their service at cost, cheaper than at present.

Although some members of the party will protest at this interpretation of the change of front, it is implicit in the whole preamble as well as in the proposed change in the constitution opening membership in the party to all those who favor independent political action by labor. The Socialists are now willing to admit that they have no divinely inspired bible. The phenomena of our economic life look to them like a struggle between classes, but even that conclusion they do not absolutely impose upon any union members who believe, primarily, in the efficacy of a labor party. This is a move from dogmatism to pragmatism.

In swinging to the right in this way, the party leaders have evidently decided that the Communist elements, which at times showed strength among the Jewish workers in the garment trades of New York, are either on the wane or have been reduced to the logical and absurd proclamation of a bloody wish fulfillment which is too much for the average credulity. To the crowds applauding Scott Nearing's idea that (since there is no real hope for a revolution in America) Russia, China and the rest of the eastern world will rise and sweep out our decadent capitalist West, Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President, opposes a program of encroaching social control over both industrial and international affairs.

Combined with this break with the extreme left there are tentative moves toward the agrarian progressives and the liberal groups. To those who have watched the Democratic party try to outdo the Republicans in conservative taxation policy, who have seen Smith trading silence, on all the humanitarian issues with which he has been connected, for delegates, the need for a different kind of opposition party in the country will probably make an appeal. But even the La Follette campaign, with its five million liberal, farmer and socialist votes, was not sufficient to convince the unions that the chances of a national success offered any alternative to such favors as they might get from state and local Tammany Halls.

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Here lies one of the distinctive weaknesses of the Socialist party. Guided in the past by intellectuals and by men most effective within certain small racial groups, its interest has been centered on the national field. While there was good economic logic in this, there was little machine strength. In the cities where the Socialists should have their main strength, power is built on a host of small political favors and the possibility of jobs. The very economic need of the people which should induce them to vote for a labor party has been used by the city machines to maintain themselves in power. Until the Socialists develop competent ward politicians, the endless restatement and perfection of their national aims will remain an intellectual pastime. In nominating for President a man who is essentially a liberal and able to debate Hoover and Smith on an intellectual equality, they have gained a hearing for themselves in the country. If he is able to develop a protest strength among the unionists, the liberals and in the coal and textile counties, he will have secured another chance for the men with organizing ability to build a party. Until that chance is used to the full, the Socialist party will remain within its tradition of self-sacrificing defeat.

"His Own Story"

IF A small yellow pup had been one of the passengers of the "Bremen," we would certainly be reading his own story of the flight in our favorite tabloid. "The weather was cold and foggy . . . they gave me biscuit every two hours . . . I saw no sign of dog-life below me during the entire trip. . . ."

They are exciting stories, these "own stories," no matter how baldly written; in fact, the very simplicity and matter-of-factness of the scant observations about weather, altitude, ice, speed and gasoline capacity have more power to thrill us than a whole volume of land travelogues. Captain Wilkins' account, the latest of them all, is also one of the best; only a little imagination is necessary to give us a precarious seat in that tiny cabin, and with Wilkins and Eielson to skim two thousand miles of unexplored territory, to dive toward mysterious splinters of rock jutting through the mist, to soar up the narrow lane between vast banks of storm clouds, and land, miraculously, upon a frozen corner of Spitzbergen.

No wonder the newspapers tumble over each other in the attempt to buy the "own stories" of these splendid adventurers. If we knew the sums paid for them we would gasp, even though we realize that the stories are worth every cent that is paid for them. The agony in newspaper offices during those three days when the crew of the "Bremen," though safe and sound, was incommunicado, must have been unspeakable. You could hear, through the diluted columns with which the papers kept the front page warm while waiting for the real thing, the grinding of the teeth of a hundred editors. And you can tell, from the extent to which even the copyrighted, exclusive stories find their way, in some form or other, into the pages of other papers, how great was the rage of those who could not bid high enough.

The first contact of transatlantic aviators with civilization must be something of a shock. A few wild cheers, a thermos of coffee, handclasps, and then a swarm of duly accredited representatives bidding, on behalf of their papers or syndicates, for the exclusive right to the aviator's own stories. In the confusion, in the numb moment of victory, the aviators undoubtedly throw away chances and dollars which a few minutes' conversation with Anne Nichols or Dr. Frank Crane would have caused to tumble into their pockets. The transatlantic fliers deserve every cent that they can get. A million dollars would by no means be too great a reward for the superhuman feat of the "Bremen." A little instruction on the other side, before starting, as to the business side of "own stories" would stand the aviators in good stead. On their arrival they would be well posted, and would collect all that is coming to them from syndicate rights, Sunday rights, second serial rights, stock rights, California rights, film rights, newsreel rights, riparian rights and rewrite rights.

We could even forgive them if they occasionally resorted to jolly deceptions. When two of them take off for the non-stop flight, Vienna-New York, or Bucharest-New York (we shall probably live to see such things happen), let them give out to the world that there are not two of them on board, but six. On arrival, a clever manipulation of hotel elevators and connecting rooms, together with quick changes, false beards, fake moustaches and improvised bass voices, would easily make the duly accredited representatives sign up six "own stories," together with all attendant rights and perquisites, instead of two. Nobody would be the wiser, and all of us would read all six stories with trembling admiration.

Years from now, centuries from now, though perhaps not as many years or centuries as we think, after many tragic disappearances into the blackness of the ether, the first world aviators, shot out of some fantastic rocket, will effect a landing upon Mars. Once more, crowds will storm the landing-field, yell themselves hoarse, endanger the lives of the gallant fliers, and detach pieces of their apparatus as souvenirs. The goggle-eyed, nine-legged Martians, for all their nightmare exterior, will behave much like anthropoid, white-collar bipeds. The aviators will find the scene vaguely familiar, and will hang around the plane, or the rocket, for some minutes, waiting for a usual and lucrative event. They will wait in vain. No duly accredited Martian press representative, with a contract, a fountain pen and a cashier's check, will step up to buy each human aviator's "own story." It won't be necessary. The Martians (as might be expected, more advanced than ourselves in the technology of

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communication) will, unknown to the aviators, have extracted the "own stories" from inside the aviators' minds by means of patented psycho-telepathic antennæ. While the aviators are still looking for the Martian from the Mars-wide Syndicate, the "own stories" will already be traveling across the air to the thrilled membranes of a million Martian homes.

If the aviators behave themselves, and attend all the banquets and parades arranged for them, perhaps the Martians will give them a slice of the profits resulting from interplanetary syndication. And they will receive a few dollars—or "Marts"—from the sale of their "own stories" to the satellites of Saturn, whose inhabitants are dumb and still read print, or the inhabitants of Venus, who are even dumber and can read print only if there is a picture just above it. . . .

Farm Relief—1928 Model

NO ONE on earth could have told what half the provisions of the 1927 McNary-Haugen Bill meant. On this ground alone, the President's veto seemed justifiable. Its clauses had grown more and more turbid during the hearings until, in the attempt to satisfy everyone, they assumed the bland consistency of dough. The new bill is, by contrast, sharp and clear. But those who feel that its provisions show a disposition to conciliate the President are certainly mistaken: the price-fixing intent is sharply indicated and the equalization-fee has been maintained. He will almost surely veto it.

The present bill would set up a Federal Farm Board which, by assisting coöperatives to purchase commodity surpluses, and by insuring them against price declines, would take the existing staple-crop surplus off the market. This, it is thought, would serve to correct the farmers' manifest disadvantage in bargaining and maintain their prices at a level substantially equivalent to that of non-agricultural goods.

A revolving fund would be provided from the Treasury to finance operations at the beginning, but it would be recruited by the collection of a fee, estimated in advance, from those coöperative associations whose goods are handled. Curiously enough, no provision is made for the return of fees if their total should prove too large. It would not, apparently, be collected from farmers themselves, but from some dealer or processor at a strategic point in its journey toward consumers. All this has been familiar since 1922, though the attempt to conciliate the President served to emasculate the bill of 1927. But everything seems to stand in sharper outline; intentions are clear; one is at last able to form a notion of the necessary administrative machinery.

There is one new provision hidden away inconspicuously in the text which apparently serves to indicate that, at last, the most trenchant criticism made of the whole McNary-Haugen idea is being recognized. This is, of course, that the surplus is not controlled, and that, with increased prices, it will become larger and larger, especially if the provisions of the bill are restricted to a few commodities. Last year only five were included; this year the number was left indeterminate, except that Senator Copeland, for some reason, insisted on excluding fruits and vegetables. If the kinds of goods are many, there is less chance of piling up huge surpluses of any one of them year after year; but presumably any increase in agricultural prices will encourage production, and this would necessarily expand rather than diminish the ruinous surpluses.

Critics have been saying for some time that a controlled, rather than an encouraged, production is needed. Fewer acres in use—and those the better ones—would increase yields per acre, though the national total might be smaller. Profits then might be greater even with reduced prices. This process must begin by limiting production consciously, not by offering higher prices. There seems to have been a vagrant notion among the framers of the present bill that the coöperatives might serve this restrictive function, in addition to everything else expected of them. The provision reads:

> If the board finds that its advice as to a program of planting or breeding of any agricultural commodity has been substantially disregarded by the producers of the commodity, or that the planting or breeding of any agricultural commodity for any year is substantially greater than a normal increase, as determined by the board, over the average planting or breeding of such commodity for the preceding five years, the board may refuse to commence a marketing period or may terminate any existing marketing period for such commodity.

It may turn out that the next bill—which might possibly be a Democratic one—will be written around this idea as a dominant theme, though it still seems unlikely that, in the United States, with our huge area devoted to each crop, and with our diversity and lack of common aims, coöperatives, even under government stimulation, can be made to serve the purpose.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
LEO WOLMAN ELINOR WYLIE

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The Bankers' Plan for Reparations

A "BANKERS' plan" for settling international debts is now being widely discussed in Europe and in America. It is not yet presented in definite form, but seems to involve three main features. First, is a reduction of the reparation claim against Germany from the present nominal amount of 132,000,000,000 marks to (perhaps) 32,000,000,000. Second, is the sale of (say) half of this amount, or 16,000,000,000 marks of bonds, in the world market, these bonds being the obligations of the German railways and industries. Third, is the proffer to the United States government of the proceeds of this sale in complete liquidation of the so-called inter-Ally debts. Just what portion of these debts is to be liquidated is not clear from the forecasts of the plan, but presumably the governments of France, Belgium, Italy and Great Britan would be relieved of their external obligations to each other and to the government of the United States. The remaining 16,000,000,000 marks are to remain as a continuing claim against Germany, the charges to be met from the budget of the Reich.

At the moment, there is said to be a reaction against the plan, a reaction due to the alleged political obstacles. One announced difficulty is the probable unwillingness of the United States government to accept the proceeds of the proposed bond sale as settlement in full. Another is the popular objection among Germany's creditors to any further scaling down of reparation claims. Nevertheless, it is argued that the plan would be sensible and businesslike; that it would immediately clear the international economic atmosphere; that these public debts would no longer be matters of political controversy, but would be in the hands of private investors and paid in the ordinary course of business.

To oppose such a plan certainly seems foolish, and is, perhaps, unwise. In time, something further must be done about these debts. They are impossibly large. All of the debtors are resentful, and in the creditor countries many individuals think the claims both wrong and too large for payment. Almost any plan that proposes further reduction would seem better than the present situation. Yet the same considerations that make the present adjustment unsatisfactory furnish the strong arguments against the new plan.

We seem to have forgotten the series of incidents that occurred only a few years ago. It is to be remembered that the agreed basis of the Armistice with Germany included the explanation by the Allies that:

> invaded territories must be restored as well as evacuated and freed. The Allied governments feel that no doubt ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it they understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.

Not only was this the Allied view, but it was pressed as such by John Foster Dulles on behalf of the American delegates in his well known address of February 13, 1919. Nevertheless, there were written into the Peace Treaty supplementary claims to cover the capitalized cost of pensions and certain other items. Moreover, the entire demand for reparations was thus expressed in Article 231:

> The Allied and Associated governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.

Reparation claims, therefore, rest on the allegation of sole German guilt for a war whose real causes lie in the economic and political complexities of the hundred years preceding the conflict. Even the allocation of responsibility for what occurred just preceding the outbreak of war is a matter of vigorous dispute among students. What conclusions may ultimately be reached by impartial historians who have access to all the data cannot now be determined.

Until the present, the attitude of the American government has been scrupulously careful. Secretary of State Hughes and his successor have been particular to keep the debts due our government entirely distinct from German reparations. As an economic fact they cannot be separated, but as political and moral issues they should be.

Yet notice what is proposed. That Germany cannot pay 132,000,000,000 marks has long been understood. The Dawes Plan tacitly recognizes this, and it is urged that the time is now ripe for the necessary adjustment of the principal sum. But the Dawes Plan contemplates a payment of at least 2,500,000,000 marks per annum, which is 5 percent on a principal sum of 50,000,000,000 marks.

But it is more and more realized that Germany cannot pay even this minimum, or that this sum, even if collected in Germany, cannot be transferred. Another reduction is to be made, this time to a capital sum of 32,000,000,000, on which a 5 percent interest payment will be 1,600,000,000 marks, or about two-thirds of the present charge. With another 1 percent added for sinking fund, the total will be 1,920,000,000, or a little more than three-fourths of the present charge.

But this reduction is to be accomplished in part

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by marketing 16,000,000,000 marks of bonds, much of them in the United States, to Americans. On the initiative of President Wilson, Germany was assured of charges only for limited purposes. The American delegation supported this view at the Peace Conference. Later administrations at Washington have carefully kept our government from becoming involved. Yet this proposal would place with American investors a large part of the 16,000,000,000 marks ($3,800,000,000) of German railway and industrial bonds, whose origin is in these same reparation claims. Our government is to be paid from the proceeds of the sale, and as private individuals we shall become interested in collecting direct from Germany.

Another interesting angle of the proposal is the fact that the combined indebtedness of Belgium, France, Italy and Great Britain to our government on November 15, 1927, was $10,970,580,000, of which $4,505,000,000, or over 41 percent, was owed by Great Britain. We contended in Paris for an interpretation of the Armistice agreement under which British reparation receipts from Germany would have been negligible, since war losses by British civilians were small. But there is now suggested a cancellation of $4,505,000,000 due from Great Britain by the sale to Americans of German reparation bonds. A distinction can be drawn between the American government and American citizens that has legal and perhaps political validity. The economic and moral distinctions are more vague.

Judgment on the preceding argument will be determined by a multitude of considerations. Individual conclusions will vary with the attitude of the reader to the War, its causes, and its settlement.

But there is another and, to some, a more important objection to the proposal. The Dawes Plan was heralded as a business settlement which took political considerations into account only so far as was imperative. Yet its chief value has been that it has given several years of time in which to consider the next steps. During these years there has been a considerable economic revival in Germany, and it is now possible to make several statements of the fact.

First, it may be observed that to date the German government has made its payments as due—in marks within Germany. Nevertheless, the Reich government has not once had a really balanced budget, the so-called balances having been achieved by borrowing and by carrying forward surpluses which originated in loans.

Second, we may notice that, at the outset, payments to the Reparation Commission were made from the proceeds of the Dawes loan, which furnished a temporary supply of foreign exchange. More recently the exchange has come into existence by the sale abroad of the bonds of German states, municipalities and corporations. In other words, the country as a whole has been borrowing to pay reparations. The balance of payments has been regularly adverse. Before 1924, real payments abroad were accomplished by the sale of depreciating marks. Since 1924, payments have been made by the sale of miscellaneous bonds.

Third, the external debt thus created has placed on German economic life a heavy annual charge. The Agent General for Reparation Payments can pay in part by crediting Germany with deliveries in kind, but the balance (probably an increasing amount) must be found by the purchase of foreign exchange on the Berlin market.

But he is not the only purchaser of exchange. Importers of food and raw materials, and now the German borrowers who must meet their debt charges in foreign currencies, are also in the market. Mr. Gilbert must in practice, and perhaps even in law, come last. There has been enough exchange for all since 1924 only because so many new loans have been floated. Last year this borrowing was checked for about five months, and the supply of exchange quickly vanished. There are many who now contend that the prospective supply of exchange in the years just ahead is no more than enough to meet the obligations privately owned, with nothing left over for reparations.

This sheds a new light on the proposed plan. It leaves the reparation liability at 32,000,000,000 marks. Five percent interest plus 1 percent sinking fund on this amount is 1,920,000,000 marks, or over three-fourths of the 2,500,000,000 marks that Germany is not now able to pay. The amount of proposed relief is not great.

The situation would be made far worse by the fact that one-half of the claim would be in the hands of the general public. A default with reparations in their present form would mean a loss to governments, and hence indirectly to the public. But the burden would be diffused. If the railway and industrial bonds are sold, the losses to private investors, if they come, will be concentrated by defaults of particular German debtors. It might easily be true that the charges on the newly marketed issues would be met, but that the owners of previously sold bonds would lose. Since a large percentage of the issues, both new and old, would be held in the United States, the loss would fall on us more than on Europeans.

In any case, we shall probably lose. Further reduction, and perhaps elimination, of reparation payments must come. Pressure to cancel the other inter-government debts will be increasingly heavy as the years pass. In such a cancellation the United States seems to lose while others gain. The catch lies in the fact that there is no real loss in giving up what one could never receive. If such a loss must occur, it is better to have it borne by the Treasury, with the burden of it diffused among taxpayers, than to have it concentrated on the owners of particular bond issues.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

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Bohemia in London

THE publisher who met me as I descended from the Irish Mail at Euston undertook to entertain me for the evening, and offered me a choice of diversions. We might dine with his partner; there were theaters and clubs; there were celebrities we might call on, there were one or two famous authors we might dine with; and finally—his voice sounded yearning but slightly hesitating—we might go to a well known public-house where there would be gathered a collection of artists, musicians, professional men, hack writers—the men mostly young, the women mostly pretty, some of them respectable, some of them not. The writers, he said, a few of them, anyway, were likely to become well known, some of the less frequent habitués were even famous. A certain internationally known painter occasionally visited the pub, and in his train came a couple of beautiful models. This all sounded very much like the average rag-tag-and-bobtail which forms the camp-following of the arts everywhere, but the prospect, nevertheless, allured me, whereas the proposal to call on celebrities bored me. I dislike celebrities unless they are men of genius, because in the process of becoming celebrated they so frequently lose all life and eagerness, unless, as I say, they happen to be men of genius, when, to be sure, the older they grow, the more life and eagerness seem to radiate from them. To the publisher's relief I chose the pub. We dined, and then he marched me through a number of little streets, then, through a side-door, we entered the Select Bar of the pub.

It was a large room which seemed at first sight to be composed chiefly of mirrors and a number of men and women in a more or less intoxicated state. When I got used to the mirrors, the smoke, the people, and the dazzling bar full of bottles of all shapes, sizes and colors, I perceived that almost none of the men was intoxicated, and perhaps only one of the women; the others were sober enough, and were sipping very harmless-looking drinks of beer, or ale, or bitters. They had come for the light, the heat, the companionship, and the conversation, and most of them, my publisher explained, were too poor to afford the more intoxicating drinks. We were an immediate object of interest—the publisher rather than myself, because in the course of life many of the young men present had tried to sell him something, and one or two had succeeded. As we sat down a number of them came to our table in the middle of the floor, the publisher proving a greater attraction than the five or six highly decorated ladies who sat at tables against the wall. As I sat at the table and threw a penetrating eye on the gentlemen seated around me, I caught, in a roving moment, a glimpse of myself in one of the numerous mirrors: the reflection was not flattering in this bright, greenish light, and I perceived it would doubtless have been better if I had imitated the ladies in the corner and had applied some rouge diligently to my face. Taking my eyes from my reflection I again surveyed my companions. Strangely enough, every one of the men had a curious distinction—the distinction that intellect, or imagination, or, perhaps, merely suffering, gives to a face.

"Dearest," began the semi-intoxicated fair-haired man who took the seat beside me, "what will you drink?"

"Cut that out, Tommy," said my protecting publisher, "and brush up your brains a little."

A young gentleman opposite me, who had got himself up to look like Aubrey Beardsley—or perhaps it was Dowson—in a sort of bright blue, braided jacket, fastened his eyes on me. "A Benedictine, lady," said he, "or a brandy-and-soda?"

He had a very striking face, dark, eager, imaginative, with a sort of weak defiance and a muddled spirituality, like an angel who had been too much influenced by a defying Lucifer. He was, indeed, a traditional English artist type—the kind who might in a drunken lifetime write one immortal poem, and have his name for ever enrolled among the great names in every anthology of English poetry. But he would undoubtedly end his days in a garret, and probably die of tuberculosis.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked him interestedly.

Without hesitation he produced a small, crumpled paper from his pocket and handed it to me. It was called "The Union Jack, Price Twopence."

"I write stories in that," he said calmly. "They publish me every week because I always put the words in their right places."

"In their right places?"

"Yes. Don't you understand? I always say: 'She had a wistful desire,' or 'He felled him to the ground with an unerring aim.' Do you understand? That's me," and he pointed to a name on the cover. "Not really me. My real name is ——. I write poetry—damned good poetry."

"Say a poem for me." The table urged him on and he recited some verses. They were of the average magazine quality, with all the words in their right places, as he had said about his stories, and I was surprised that the owner of such a head and face could perpetrate such a piece of commonplace verse. I made no comment. And then my attention was distracted by another offer of a drink, this time from the owner of a dark, middle-aged, humorless face—very handsome, as indeed all the men were handsome.

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"What do you do?" I asked, accepting the glass offered me.

"I write little manuals—nothing arty at all. Now I am engaged on a series called 'Sex and the Sane Life.'"

I was so surprised that I spilled some of my glass. "You are not Havelock Ellis or Marie Stopes in disguise?"

"No," he said seriously. "My name is ——. Of course, I use their works for reference."

"He means," said the poet, "that he did not invent sex; he only tries to prove that it was not the invention of a god gone mad."

By this time the waiter was handing me a tray containing a selection of drinks. I picked out what I conceived to be a green Chartreuse. The blue-coated poet bowed. "From me, lady," said he.

I had begun to sip the liqueur when I perceived in the mirror a good-looking young woman watching me angrily. She rose from the corner where she sat and walked towards the table, placing herself behind the chair of the poet. She put her hand on his shoulder, and, glaring at me angrily, said:

"Let her swell friend pay for her drinks. You can't afford to. Do you know," she demanded from me, "that you are drinking his breakfast?"

I had sufficient aplomb to finish the glass, and then my publisher assured me that I was not drinking the poet's breakfast, or anybody's breakfast, for no matter who seemed to be standing the drinks, he was paying the bill.

I watched the young woman interestedly. She was faintly intoxicated, but only faintly, and her pale face, slight figure, and long, nervous hands expressed an extreme sensitiveness and strong feeling that gave a tenseness to the atmosphere. I tried to throw an expression of sympathy into the glance with which I met her nervous, angry, honest eyes, stripped of everything except her profound interest in the young man in the blue jacket. In a sudden flash of intuition I understood her: she had thought I had not appreciated the poem he had recited; she thought I was not appreciating him—that I was taking him and his poem and his drink altogether too lightly. She was deeply impressed by his talents, for she belonged to that type of woman who love genius in a man more than they love anything else, and who will nourish it with their heart's blood.

The poet remonstrated with her, and tried to induce her to go back to her seat, and as her eyes turned on him pleadingly, I knew that though in time he might cast her aside, and she would pass to another, and briefly tend another's hearth and fire, and briefly share another love or woe, all her powerful stock of emotion was for ever exhausted in her feeling for this blue-coated young man who might, because of it, leave a poem that would be preserved in the anthologies. I tried to make a place for her at the table, and for a moment her sensitive face trembled with a smile. During the altercation, a man whom I had not noticed before appeared from somewhere and stood by her. He spoke to her in a low tone, and she moved away. He sat down in the place I had made for her, and the waiter poured out for him a large glass of whiskey, which he tossed off easily. This newcomer was patently so sober that nothing could ever intoxicate him—neither life nor love nor art nor drink.

"What are you?" I asked him.

"Irish, and not proud of it," said he, motioning the waiter to pour him another drink.

"I don't mean that. I mean what do you do?"

"I am a sculptor."

"A damned bad one," said the fair-haired man on my right, who for long had been sunk in a sort of drunken silence. The newcomer cast an appraising and critical eye on me. I thought his glance was somewhat inimical.

"Do you hunt?" he asked.

"Hunt what?" I demanded, irritated.

"Hunt! Foxes, otters, rabbits—anything."

"Yes," asked the poet. "Don't you hunt?"

There was nothing but frank curiosity in the question. I was bewildered for a moment, and I involuntarily turned to the publisher. He touched my sleeve. "You know you do look a little like a lady deer-stalker in these tweeds," he said.

I caught sight of myself once more in the mirror that advertised Bass's Ale, and a flood of light flowed on my brain. I had been under the illusion until that moment that I had been accepted by this gathering as a person like themselves, somewhat related to the arts—a writer, I was sure. But my reflection in the glass was the least like that of a lady author that anybody's could be. I had just arrived in London from the horsiest part of the most horsey country in the world, and here I was clad in what was the smart costume of the sporting countryside from which I had come—hand-woven tweeds of an elegant cut, a soft felt hat, leather gloves and that sort of walking-stick peculiar to Ireland, an ash-plant. I suddenly perceived the inwardness of the gibes which had at one moment met my ears from the ladies in the corner. I looked a shocking outsider. Almost anything else in the world—sky-blue taffeta trimmed with spangles, or even the skirts of a ballet-dancer—would have been more in keeping with my surroundings than the garments I was attired in. My embarrassment was relieved by a skirl of pipes at the door, which was shoved open, and a number of people appeared. A piper in tartan violently pumped a reel out of his pipes; two or three men and a woman danced around him for a moment, and then they walked in, leaving the piper still there, playing away.

The publisher ordered a drink to be sent out to him, for apparently he was not allowed inside the room. One of the men and a woman came and stood by our table; the publisher told me who she

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was—a well known model—and her face and figure gave a sort of lyrical lift to the atmosphere, similar to that given by the intensity of feeling of the other woman who had stood by the blue-coated poet's side a few minutes before. The newcomer knew everybody, and a chair was vacated for her immediately. She was no longer very young—certainly in the middle thirties—and her eyes and face lacked intensity, but they were of a surprising and whimsical beauty. "How lovely you are!" I found myself saying.

"Yes, isn't she?" the sober Irish sculptor suddenly flamed up. "But you should have seen her ten years ago. Hold up your chin."

She raised her little chin like a child, and sat silent while he passed his fingers over her lovely neck and indicated her points. The whole scene was almost incredibly English—the drinking writers, drinking in a tavern as their like had always done from the days of Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson, talking as their like had always done about art and life and beauty, and the best ways of transmuting them into words, or clay, or paint; and the beautiful model was so English—the English of the painters—as she sat there laughing and drinking, her face so like that lovely, reckless, laughing face that Romney never tired of painting.

Two of the men who came in stood at the bar, and the third, a heavily built, bright-faced man, came over to us and spoke to one of the people at the table in Welsh—"A fellow Celt," said the Irish sculptor, "a great Welsh bard—the bard of the Eisteddfod." The Welshman shook my hand. "Isn't that music awful," said he, waving his hand towards the Highland piper, who was tuning up again. "Isn't it awful? These Gaels know nothing about music—nothing, nothing." He placed his hand in a pained manner on his brow. "But maybe they know about poetry," said he suddenly, "maybe you know about poetry. I wish you would tell us what these Irish poets mean. Can anybody understand them? They are as bad as the Scots and their music." The large man standing at the bar, who had come in with the Welsh bard, advanced impressively towards us, holding a glass in his hand. "Stop," he said in a strong Western American accent. "Stop talking. I tell you the greatest thing that ever happened is the American Legion Convention in Paris. Did you see it?" We gazed blankly at him. "Did you see it?" he repeated. "The greatest thing that ever happened! See them marching through the Ark of Triumph—that was a sight!" He unsteadily raised his glass. "To the American Legion," he said in a severe, loud voice. He had a round, full, bespectacled, middle-aged face, a large, stout figure, and a childishness of expression that gave his face a flabby immaturity, like that of a baby that some magician's wand had suddenly turned into a grown man with all the intervening experiences of a grown man non-existent. "Ah, you won the War, didn't you, Uncle Sam?" said the fair-haired man at our table. "What did *you* do in the War, sir?" asked the American. "Saved my skin, Uncle Sam," said the fair-haired man. "Ran away to Ireland when they passed conscription—taught catechism there." "Shut up, Uncle Sam," said the Welshman good-humoredly, "and give us all a drink. I want to hear about these Irish writers." He turned to me again. "Do you know what any of them means? Yeats and his 'red-rose bordered hem'! What does that fellow Joyce mean? Did you ever read such stuff? What does Shaw mean with his Methuselah stuff? What do they give them the Nobel prize for? 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'—that's something to have written. Here's to Ben Jonson!" The American handed him a glass. "I do know about poetry," said I solemnly. "I know everything about poetry, and if you listen to me I'll tell you."

"Lady-fox-hunter," said the blue-coated poet, "we don't want to know *everything* about poetry. But I would like to know what all that mystic stuff means. Pity a poor Saxon! What do any of these fellows mean? I understand one line of A. E.'s—'There's a lonely road through bogland,' but not another—not one other."

"Ah," said I, "but A. E. becomes a poet only when he stops being mystical."

"Hear, hear," said the sculptor.

The Welshman had drunk his long drink. "Say two consecutive lines of any Irish poet that a man can understand," said he.

"Do, lady-fox-hunter," said the blue-coated poet, "and we'll drink to you. Say us a poem that we can understand."

"I will," said I. I thought I was choosing the poem with some subtlety. "Here goes," said I. "This is A. E.:

> Be not so desolate
> Because thy dreams have flown,
> And the hall of the heart is empty
> And silent as stone,
> As age left by children
> Sad and alone.
>
> Those delicate children,
> Thy dreams, still endure:
> All pure and lovely things
> Wend to the Pure.
> Sigh not: unto the fold
> Their way was sure.
>
> Thy gentlest dreams, thy frailest,
> Even those that were
> Born and lost in a heart-beat,
> Shall meet thee there.
> They are become immortal
> In shining air.
>
> The unattainable beauty
> The thought of which was pain,
> That flickered in eyes and on lips
> And vanished again:
> That fugitive beauty
> Thou shalt attain."

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As I said that lovely lament and consolation for all lost dreams, for all unrealized desires, for all unattainable beauties, the faces around me seemed to change—some softened into a drunken self-pity, some grew grave and serious, some eyes glowed with the thought that their dreams had really been an immortal mood that had taken an immortal mold.

The bar-tender waited attentively for the end of the poem. "Beautiful," he said, "beautiful! Eleven of the clock, ladies and gentlemen! Time, ladies and gentlemen, time!" "More poetry, more poetry," said the Welshman. "Time, ladies and gentlemen! Time!" shouted the bar-tender. "All those who 'ave 'omes, go 'ome. Out you go, ladies and gentlemen! Time, time!"

MARY M. COLUM.

The Concentration of Income

THOUGH the statistical proof to the contrary is overwhelming, belief in the doctrine of a developing equalization of income and democratization of corporate ownership still lingers. Business, politics and labor are loath to give up a belief which is one of the most serious social myths of our times.

In a series of articles in the New Republic,[1] based on a study of income statistics between 1916 and 1924, I developed three conclusions on the subject:

(1) The decline in the concentration of income and stock ownership, which started in 1917 and reached its lowest level in 1921, was the temporary product of temporary conditions.

(2) The decline definitely reversed itself in 1922, and in 1924 the concentration of income and stock ownership was almost back to the pre-war level.

(3) This recovery was not temporary. It was the result of underlying conditions bound to produce still larger concentration.

These conclusions are amply confirmed by the statistics of income for 1925 and 1926, which reveal a much larger concentration than in 1924. Still more important, the statistics reveal that *the concentration of income is equal, and the concentration of stock ownership almost equal, to the highest pre-war levels.*

The decline and recovery in the concentration of income and stock ownership is illustrated in the following table:

SHARE OF THE NATIONAL INCOME AND OF CORPORATE DIVIDENDS RECEIVED BY INCOMES OF $5,000 UP.

Year	*Percentage of National Income.*	*Percentage of Corporate Dividends.*
1917	14.4[2]	90.5[3]
1918	11.6	85.9
1919	12.9	86.7
1920	11.4	86.4
1921	10.1	77.3
1922	11.9	81.6
1923	10.9	78.1
1924	12.3	80.1
1925	14.8	87.9
1926[1]	14.3	86.2

These statistics reveal that the decline in concentration was almost continuous between 1917 and 1921. While substantial, the decline was hardly an approach to "equalization": its significance was revolutionary only if the decline should prove to be a permanent development. But since 1921 there has been an almost continuous increase in concentration, completely shattering the theory of a developing equalization of income and democratization of corporate ownership.

By 1925, the recovery in the class concentration of income and corporate ownership was complete. Incomes of $5,000 and up received a share of the national income larger than in 1917, while their share of dividends was almost as large as then. This recovery was neither fortuitous nor temporary: the statistics for 1926, while incomplete, reveal comparative stabilization at the high levels of 1925.

There were 432,660 incomes of $5,000 or more in 1917, and 830,670 in 1925, respectively 1.12 percent and 1.89 percent of the gainfully occupied. This might suggest that the recovery in concentration was not real, since the larger incomes almost doubled in number, while their share of the national income only slightly increased. This circumstance, however, would not offset the fact of *class* concentration. By comparing the percentages of the richest 1.6 percent of the gainfully occupied, the proof of concentration is equally striking.

In 1917 all incomes of $4,000 and more (618,467) constituted 1.6 percent of the gainfully occupied (36,680,000); they received a "net income" of $7,838,000,000, or 16.1 percent of the

1 "How is Ownership Distributed?"—May 5, 1926; "Is Income More Equally Distributed?"—January 26, 1927. (Another article, "Who Owns the Nation's Wealth?"—August 10, 1927, disposed of the myth of the more equal distribution of wealth.)

2 "Net income" of all groups with incomes of $5,000 or more (Bureau of Internal Revenue, Statistics of Income) as percentages of the national income (National Bureau of Economic Research).

3 Dividends received by groups with incomes of $5,000 or more, as percentages of dividends received by all income-taxpayers (Statistics of Income).

1 Preliminary. The percentages for this year are based upon returns filed up to August 31, 1927, and should be slightly increased by the full returns.

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national income ($39,200,000,000). In 1925 all incomes of $6,000 and up (656,249) plus an allowance of incomes immediately below $6,000 (46,471) constituted 1.6 percent of the gainfully occupied (43,900,000); they received a "net income" of $12,190,756,000, or 14.2 percent of the national income ($86,460,000,000). But we should add to "net income" in 1925 a probable $400,000,000 of tax-exempt income and $1,200,000,000 of concealed and underestimated income (an allowance of 10 percent), two factors which were practically non-existent in 1917. On this basis, the richest 1.6 percent in 1925 received 16 percent of the national income, which would make their 1925 share equal to 1917. Almost as overwhelming was the recovery in dividend receipts. In 1917 the 1.6 percent of large incomes received 93.6 percent of dividend payments, and 86.5 percent in 1925, a decline of 7.1 points, but a substantial recovery over 1921.

But while concentration again prevails among the larger incomes, there are important changes among the other class groupings.

The farmers' share of the national income has declined almost catastrophically. In 1919 they constituted 16 percent of the gainfully occupied, and received a "net income" equal to 11.8 percent of the national income; in 1924 their "net income" declined to 6 percent of the national income, while they constituted 14.3 percent of the gainfully occupied.[1] The farmers' share of the national income has declined by at least 40 percent.

The employees' share of the national income has also declined. Statistics of the Federal Trade Commission reveal that the employees' share of the "value product" of industry declined severely between 1920 and 1923. While employees received 59 percent of the national income in 1920 (the highest level ever reached), their share was probably below 50 percent in 1925. ("Wages and salaries" received by non-wage-earner employees amounted to about 12 percent of the national income, making the wage-earners' share approximately 38 percent.) But all the indications are that the burden of the decline in the employees' share of the national income was borne by the wage-earners. In 1920 the wages of 4,000,000 hired farm laborers were equal to 2.3 percent of the national income, but this share was only 1.4 percent in 1925 and 1926—a decline larger than their decline as percentage of the gainfully occupied. Wage-earners in manufacturing establishments in 1925 received wages smaller by $270,000,000 than in 1923, while the "value added by manufacturing" increased $1,000,000,000. Manufacturing wage-earners received 40.1 percent of the "value product" in 1925, as against 42.7 percent in 1923, 44.8 percent in 1921, 42.2 percent in 1919 and 41.8 percent in 1914. In 1925 the "net income" of electric railways increased 13.02 percent over 1924, while wages increased only 1 percent; the profits of Class I railways increased substantially over 1923-24, while wages were stationary. Moreover, higher real wages, instead of increasing the wage-earners' share of the national income, as is generally assumed, are partly responsible for a decline, since higher real wages are a product of increased productivity accompanied by displacement of labor and a larger yield of profits. In 1925 manufacturing production increased 4.1 percent over 1923, accompanied by a decline of 4.4 percent in wage-earners and 2.4 percent in the total wages bill. In 1926 there was an increase of 29 percent in factory production over 1919, and a decrease of 10 percent in wage-earners. There was, of course, an enlargement of wage-earners in the building trades, garages and other occupations, but this was probably not sufficient to offset the displacement of labor by technological improvements, new labor accessions from growth in population, and the migration from farm to city, which was 1,000,000 (net) in 1925-26 alone. There was, consequently, a "chronic unemployment," as the New York Journal of Commerce characterizes it, largely independent of cyclical fluctuations; it is the price the wage-earners are paying for higher real wages, and it contributes to a decline in their share of the national income by depressing total wages. While exact statistics are not available, the fact of the decline is more than probable. And a decline would be all the more significant as the wage-earners are probably still 63 percent of the gainfully occupied, with only a slight change either way.

The concentration of income is proceeding on the basis of a substantial decline in the farmers' share of the national income, and a probable decline in the wage-earners' share. But if this decline is a fact, and the richest 1.6 percent receive a share of the national income only equal to their previous highest level, whom does the partial redistribution of income favor? All the facts indicate that non-wage-earner incomes below $6,000 are prospering at the expense of the wage-earners and farmers; they constitute a larger percentage of the gainfully occupied, and have increased their relative share of the national income. (Incomes between $3,000 and $5,000 received 6.7 percent of the national income in 1919, and 8.9 percent in 1924, while they increased from 2.9 percent of the gainfully occupied to 4.1 percent.) Moreover, they receive a larger share of corporate dividends, having absorbed most of the decline of 7.1 points in the dividends received by the richest 1.6 percent. (This is confirmed by the facts of employee stock-ownership, which favors the non-wage-earner employees as a "stabilizing" factor in industry. Incomes of $3,000

[1] The farmers' "net income" consists of their "net cash income" plus "value of food and fuel consumed on farms," as reported in Crops and Markets, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. That is not all the farmers' income, however, and their share of the national income is slightly larger than my percentages, which are used simply to measure the decline.

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to $5,000 received 8.1 percent of dividends in 1919, and 12.2 percent in 1924.)

This class of non-wage-earners below $6,000 has recently been growing faster than any other in the community. It has been vitalized by accessions from different sources. The "new efficiency" in industry increases the number of supervisory and managerial employees, and their remuneration. The "new competition" multiplies the forces of distribution and merchandising. Professionals and petty entrepreneurs batten on the prevailing "prosperity." There is splendid opportunity for intellectuals, poets, artists and journalists, to function among advertising and publicity experts and "counselors on public relations." Receivers of fixed-interest incomes are "sitting pretty."

But is this favoring of the lower non-wage-earner incomes permanent? It is doubtful. Since 1896, when the richest 1.6 percent received 10.8 percent of the national income, the concentration of income has increased persistently, in spite of all fluctuations. The largest gains between 1921 and 1926 were scored by the larger incomes, which are still increasing, while there was a perceptible slackening and decline in the non-wage-earner incomes below $6,000 between 1924 and 1926. If previous experience is an adequate guide, these intermediate incomes will continue to decline—not absolutely, as their new importance inheres in recent economic and social developments, but relatively as against the larger incomes.

Moreover, there is super-concentration among the larger incomes. In 1925 incomes of $25,000 and up numbered 90,240, or 11 percent of all incomes of $5,000 and more, yet they received 45 percent of this group's "net income" and 65 percent of its dividends. That is sufficiently overwhelming, yet this super-concentration is increasing. In 1925 all income returns of $5,000 and more increased 20 percent over 1924; but, while incomes of $5,000 to $25,000 increased 18 percent, the higher incomes increased from 20 percent up to 176 percent. In 1926, income returns of $5,000 to $25,000 increased only 2 percent over 1925, and the intermediate incomes were practically stationary, while incomes of $1,000,000 and more increased 10 percent. The income received by these groups tells the same story. While the "net income" of incomes of $100,000 and up was 1.56 percent of the national income in 1925, it was 2.73 percent in 1926. The final super-concentration is in incomes of $1,000,000 and over. In 1914 there were sixty such incomes, two hundred and six in 1916 and twenty-one in 1921; but since the decline they increased to sixty-seven in 1922, seventy-four in 1923, seventy-five in 1924, two hundred and seven in 1925 and two hundred and twenty-eight in 1926. These super-incomes received "net income"of $49,411,000 in 1921, and $490,309,000 in 1926. (The number of these super-incomes is much larger than appears in the government's "Statistics of Income," because of tax-exempt income and other factors; one estimate is that there are at least 200 other individuals receiving incomes of $1,000,000 and over.)

Super-concentration prevails equally in corporate ownership, the tendency since 1921 being continuously and cumulatively in favor of the largest stockholders. While the share of all dividends paid to income-taxpayers received by incomes of $5,000 to $10,000 *declined* from 9.3 percent in 1925 to 8.2 percent in 1926 and of incomes between $10,000 and $25,000 from 21.2 percent to 19.8 percent, the dividends of incomes of $25,000 and up *increased* from 51.1 percent to 58.1 percent. The multiplication of stock-holders is broadening the base of corporate ownership, it is true; but it is producing an oligarchic, not a democratic, ownership.

When it is emphasized that in 1925 incomes of $5,000 and up (830,670) constituted only 1.9 percent of the gainfully occupied, and that they received between 18 percent and 20 percent of the national income (allowing for other income not appearing in "net income") and 80 percent of dividends paid to individuals (allowing for dividends received by persons not filing tax reports), then it is clear that the concentration of income and of corporate ownership is staggering and undeniable.

The conclusions are inescapable:

First, the conception of a developing equalization of income and democratization of corporate ownership is not proved by the available statistical evidence; on the contrary, the evidence is against the conception.

Second, on the basis of the 1925-26 statistics, the recovery in the concentration of income and corporate ownership since 1921 has been complete.

Third, non-labor and non-farmer elements are increasing their share of the national income at the expense of the basic producing classes, whose share has declined considerably.

LEWIS COREY.

Country Evening

This is the time when birds no longer cry
Haphazardly and high,
Nor dot the rails nor punctuate the trees
In swift apostrophes.
This is the time day hesitates, as though
It almost feared to go,
And the great span that promised to remain
Goes back into thin rain.
And, doubtful of itself, night throws one spark
To blaze the trail of dark;
And earth gives off cool breaths, green-growing smells,
And something else
That lingers between light and atmosphere;
And the third star swings clear.
This is the hour for lamps; this is the time
For the slow, homeward climb.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Washington Notes

UNQUESTIONABLY the thing to do in writing politics, as in practising politics, is to pussyfoot, to avoid flat-footed statements about the past, the present and the future—but particularly the future. Anyone who puts down any form of political prophecy in writing is either extremely dumb or completely inexperienced. It never pays. You may hit it right nine times out of ten, but it is the tenth time when you miss that is remembered and ruins your reputation. It is always my custom now when expressing views as to what will or will not happen in politics, to leave open a fine and airy assortment of loopholes through which it is possible to crawl if and when things go wrong.

What is on my mind at this moment is just how far I have committed myself in this place to the Kansas City nomination of Herbert, the efficiency marvel, and whether or not I arranged for a sufficient number of fire escapes and rope ladders for a safe and self-respecting exit in case something slips. I have not as yet begun to weaken on Herbert. It still seems to me he is well out in front in the race. On the other hand, it has just occurred to me that while at this writing the Ohio and Massachusetts primaries are still several days off, by the time this piece appears in print they will both have been held, and certain very vital questions relating to that nomination, about which there has been vast speculation for quite a while, will be completely settled. If Herbert gets them—that is, if he gets all of the Massachusetts and the majority of the Ohio delegation, including the delegates at large—the impetus that will be given his candidacy ought to be sufficient to put him over.

There was, a while back, a sort of understanding in political circles that if Herbert "cleaned up" in Ohio, the aged Mr. Mellon would cease to be coy and come along. Such was certainly the intimation thrown out by his senatorial masseuse and the implication to be drawn from the oleaginous organs of the Pittsburgh frontier. That was, of course, before the lamented Willis died and before the situation was thrown into a condition so chaotic that it is difficult really to tell what will come out of it. The one thing clear is that the Willis death was a real set-back for Herbert. He had him—or at least his friends think he had him—licked. But what's the use of talking about that now? All I can do is to repeat that if Herbert wins in Ohio and Massachusetts, I will cease bothering about whether I left any loopholes or not, and will repeat with a complete lack of caution my conviction that he will be crowned Queen of the May at Kansas City in June. If, however, the machinations of the Dawes-Lowden-Watson-Curtis combination in Ohio keep that state out of the Hoover column, and if in Massachusetts the diabolical cunning of William Morgan Butler circumvents the will of the people and keeps the Old Bay State from instructing for Herbert, then I recant, back-track and turn around. Then—and not until then—will I suspect, as poor Jim Reed would dramatically say, "a trail of treachery running from the Treasury Building across the lawn to the very door of the White House itself."

Speaking of primaries, I do not think it is much of a secret to Senator Deneen that, whatever the emotions of the good Calvin himself, the small group of Massachusetts politicians with the run of the White House—the ones who get up on the second floor, I mean—were by no means gratified at the so-called triumph of the righteous in the Illinois primaries. The truth is that this little group was intensely disappointed. It is hard to blame them for holding on to the hope of keeping Mr. Coolidge in the White House for another term. When they relinquish that, they are face to face with the necessity of a back-to-Boston excursion by no means pleasing to contemplate for fellows who have strutted so importantly for five years. It means a future utterly lacking in thrills. It means getting back to what they were, which wasn't much. These boys will keep hoping until the Kansas City convention adjourns. Naturally the blatant balderdash of Big Bill Thompson about a draft-Coolidge delegation warmed the cockles of their hearts, and they rooted for Big Bill quietly but earnestly.

If Senator Deneen has any sense—and I think he has—he knows this White House situation accurately enough, and he knows that the influence and weight of the little inside circle was against him from start to finish. As for Mr. Coolidge's silent acquiescence in the use of his name by the Thompson-Crowe-Lorimer-Small machine, it was completely typical of the man. I recognized that, though it did seem incredible that he would, as he did, let them go clear through to the end without a word or a sign to separate himself from a degrading association. However, nobody cares and it does him no harm—that is the amazing part of it. I actually believe he could invite Harry Sinclair and Martin Littleton to lunch at the White House without diminishing the esteem in which he is held or drawing any adverse criticism from his journalistic supporters. Beyond a doubt he proves that the most potent thing in politics is impotency. No man of force and vigor, of strength and virility, could possibly acquire the popularity of this man.

One of the interesting outcomes of the Illinois primary was the nomination of Mrs. McCormick for Congresswoman at large—interesting for several reasons. One is because her success is distinctly displeasing to the Deneen machine which opposed her and naturally wanted the man it backed, and, curiously enough, not very gratifying to the Thompson-Crowe-Lorimer-Small machine with which she was temporarily allied, the leaders of which never did think she "belonged." For one thing, she had too many friends on the other side. Nor—and this may surprise her—was there any enthusiasm over her success in the little White House group when they talked things over in the library a night or so after the primaries. It will be interesting, however, to have Mrs. McCormick in the House, because she is the first woman to come there like a man on her political merits and not having been nominated like the rest because of some slushy widow sentiment or to fill a gap. There is one thing, though, I would do if I were Mrs. McCormick—at least, I think I would—and that is slow down my more enthusiastic newspaper friends.

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She is getting too much advance publicity. She is being slightly overpraised. She is probably very good indeed, but she cannot possibly be as wonderful as she is depicted in some of the articles I have seen. The trouble with this sort of thing is that she can't possibly measure up to the expectations aroused. No one could. I take it for granted she will be elected, but quite some time will elapse before she takes her seat. By that time, at the present rate, every Sunday newspaper in the country will have had its feature story telling what a wonderful woman Mrs. McCormick is.

Then if she does not do something wonderful right away or pretty soon—or at least before she comes up for renomination, which will be a few months after she takes her seat—there will inevitably be a reaction. Instead of proclaiming her wonderful, they may be saying she is a "washout." And just how she is going to be wonderful in such a short time under the House rules, it is difficult to see. Of course, Mrs. McCormick will have one real advantage, not only over the other women members, but over most of the men as well—she knows the Prince of Good Fellows so very well that when she rises in the House he will not only have to recognize her right away, but will probably give her the gavel and get down on the floor to cheer. He'd better.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Carlos Chavez—Mexican Composer

IT is strange that, though Carlos Chavez is twenty-eight and has lived in New York for the last few years, and though he has composed a considerable amount of music, he should still remain unheralded among us. His name is familiar only to the small inner circle of forward-looking musicians who formerly frequented concerts of the International Composers' Guild. Even there, his performances were few and his music never received extended comment. For all that, Chavez does not have the air of a misunderstood genius. He seems able to bide his time, and with good reason, for the value of his music cannot be impaired by the lack of immediate recognition.

Carlos Chavez is one of the best examples I know of a thoroughly contemporary composer. Without consciously attempting to be "modern," his music indubitably succeeds in belonging to our own age. This is so, not merely because he can on occasion contrive intricate rhythms, or because he prefers linear to vertical writing, or because he composes ballets rather than operas. These things alone do not constitute modern music. But Chavez is essentially of our own day because he uses his composer's gift for the expression of objective beauty of universal significance rather than as a mere means of self-expression. Composing to him is a natural function, like eating or sleeping. His music is not a substitute for living, but a manifestation of life. It exemplifies the complete overthrow of nineteenth-century Germanic ideals which tyrannized over music for more than a hundred years. It propounds no problems, no metaphysics. Chavez' music is extraordinarily healthy, it is clear and clean-sounding, without shadows or softness. Here is absolute music if ever there was any.

Carlos Chavez is a Mexican—that is to say, he is a native of a country virtually without composers, without organized orchestras, without even a musical season. No tradition of art-music exists there—the Mexican musician of serious intentions is entirely submerged in the imported European product. These are formidable obstacles in the path of a young composer. That Chavez should have been able, in spite of conditions so unfavorable, to create a markedly individual style is a feat in itself, but that his music should be recognizably that of a Mexican is hardly credible.

Yet, there was nothing precocious about the development of Chavez. His apprentice years were spent in Mexico City, where he was born. A sister began teaching him to play the piano at the age of eleven, but he was never willing to accept a teacher in harmony or counterpoint. He read the theory books for himself, compared them critically, reëxamined the truth or falsity of their rules. With the autodidact's instinct, he accepted nothing on hearsay. Even today he uses his own simplified version of the conventionalized sign of the treble clef—a small point certainly, but indicative of his independent nature.

Chavez himself feels that he learned to compose principally by analyzing the works of the classic masters. Using these as models, he had already, before the age of twenty-one, produced a considerable number of works. A year later, in 1921, he composed his first Mexican Ballet, "The New Fire." It was the first time he had looked away from Europe and turned to the vital forces of his own country for inspiration. The composer himself did not comprehend the full import of this until some years later, but from that time he had really found his way.

Mexico possesses a rich fund of indigenous musical material in the ritualistic music of the Mexican Indian. Little known even in Mexico, it is difficult to hear this music, and it has never been taken seriously by the professional musicians of the country. Chavez had visited the Indians each year, and was steeped in their music long before he consciously thought of it as a basis for his own work. The question still remained as to how it might best be employed.

It is easy enough to create a national school of music with the aid of folk melodies. One simply incorporates them in an opera or a symphonic poem. But this essentially mechanical process seldom proves satisfactory. There is a certain incongruity inherent in the attempt to place simple, popular themes in sophisticated harmonic settings, and it is even more difficult to build with them a large and compact symphonic edifice. It was in the last century that the Russian Five first introduced nationalism in music by this method. Since that time all racial minorities have adopted it as a means of asserting their musical independence.

Chavez, in "The New Fire," wished to do likewise. His use of Indian themes in this first essay was too literal. Their treatment, compared to what he has since achieved, resembled the rather inorganic manner in which Manuel de Falla has employed Spanish themes in his ballets. Chavez'

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next composition, however, "Three Sonatinas," for violin and piano, 'cello and piano, and piano solo, written after an interval of three years, shows a considerable improvement. The piano "Sonatina" is the most characteristic of the group. It is refreshing, original music with a kind of hard charm and a distinctly Mexican flavor. No Indian melodies are actually quoted in this "Sonatina"—Chavez had begun to rethink the material so that only its essence remained. Here and there a recognizably Mexican turn of phrase can be discerned, but as a whole the folk element has been replaced by a more subtle sense of national characteristics. As Debussy and Ravel reflected the clarity, the delicacy, the wit and the formal design of the French spirit, so Chavez had learned to write music which caught the spirit of Mexico—its sun-filled, naïve, Latin soul. With extraordinary intuition, he has, in fact, in his more recent work, combined the two kinds of nationalism, represented respectively by the French and the Russian schools. Thus, single-handed, he has created a tradition which no future Mexican composer can afford to ignore. If I stress this point, it is because I feel that no other composer who has used folk material—not even Bela Bartok or de Falla—has more successfully solved the problem of its complete amalgamation into an art-form.

Chavez' second Mexican ballet, "The Four Suns," based on an Aztec legend, is one of his most delightful works. It is made up of simple, clear-cut rhythms which lend the whole composition a very definite and inevitable aspect. This fresh, vital music has its roots so firmly in an ancient culture that, at times, it takes on something of the monotony of the Indian dances themselves. Two works for small ensemble are "Energia," for nine instruments, and "H. P., Dance of Men and Machines." The latter was heard in New York, but cannot be counted among Chavez' best work. A delightful sense of humor is displayed in his "Three Hexagons," for voice and small ensemble, and in his small piano piece, "36." It is mordant, dry humor without a trace of irony or malicious intent.

Undoubtedly, his most mature work to date is a recently completed "Piano Sonata" in four movements. This "Sonata" gives a confused impression on first hearing, because of the individual technique with which it is put together. It seems to contain a profusion of short melodic germs, none of which is developed in the usual manner, so that a sense of incoherency is created. This is produced also by the fact that the style is very contrapuntal; the separate voices move in such a way as to produce a judicious mixture of sharp dissonances and sudden bright unisons. Add to this a special kind of piano writing—thin, hard, without lushness of timbre—and it is clear that this work presents formidable difficulties to even the sympathetic listener. But familiarity with the "Sonata" convinces me that in these four, highly condensed movements, each one of which seems packed with meaning, Chavez has put the best of his genius. They contain a personal quality which is impossible to describe in words, but which, after all, constitutes the composer's chief claim to originality.

Chavez, of course, has his limitations—limitations of scope, possibly of form and of melody. Nevertheless, he is one of the few American musicians about whom we can say that he is more than a reflection of Europe. We in the United States who have long desired musical autonomy can best appreciate the full measure of his achievement. We cannot, like Chavez, borrow from a rich, melodic source or lose ourselves in an ancient civilization, but we can be stimulated and instructed by his example. As for Chavez, though he is, as yet, only at the beginning of a career, it is not too soon to say that his work presents itself as one of the first authentic signs of a new world with its own new music.

AARON COPLAND.

Hunger, Cold and Candidates

THE candidates this year are going to have to talk to unemployed people, people, perhaps, who are hungry and who next winter will be cold. Hunger and cold in America! What can they say? A sensitive person would shun Mr. Hoover's task. He took great pains to inform himself, even used the National Bureau of Economic Research to outline the dimensions of the problem and its implications. But no administration ever did so little for workers as the one whose policies he must defend, whose policies, he has said, he will carry on. The most human Governor New York ever had can at least face the betrayed workers with clean hands. The question, however, is not so much whether his hands are clean, but whether his heart is warm and his head clear. Because if they are, the campaign will at least be educational, perhaps, even, successful. Those of us who are jealous for his honor as well as for his success will care enough to urge that, in this unescapable dilemma, he will choose for the people instead of against them. For, after all, it comes down to that. The time is ripe and overripe for that righteous indignation we have seen in him before, to be poured out in greater causes.

It is one of those economic problems, in fact, which, like so many others, cannot be discussed alone. The mere raising of the question brings into view a multitude of other aspects of industrial life upon which it depends, and which depend upon it. There is a lack of employment because factories are shut down: but factories are shut down because, when unemployment pervades the community, workers cannot spend money for the goods which factories make. This sounds like arguing in a circle, and it is; but the process must start somewhere.

When industrial affairs are running smoothly, the smoothness is not real but only apparent. A factory here or one there, a whole industry, perhaps several industries, are not sharing in the general prosperity. Their goods cannot be sold at profitable prices. Their slowing down or stoppage creates at once a surplus of labor and a diminution of buying power. It also adds to the overhead costs of the goods which are turned out. Other industries are affected, and the disease spreads insidiously throughout the industrial system.

Credits also play their part. The original difficulty may have arisen because the managers and the bankers, between them, made a faulty estimate of the amount of

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goods which the market would absorb at profitable prices; the business, or the whole industry, over-extended its capital commitments. And since the relative part of capital charges in total costs grows greater as industry is progressively rationalized, overhead costs pile up rapidly. Credits are restricted, but the original ones, if they were loans, cannot be repaid. If no dividends are distributed, our general investment capital is limited; if loans are not repaid, bankers have less margin for the credit extensions. And these circumstances add to a general restriction of business activity.

There seems to be at least one key difficulty here: anticipations are badly made. But when one asks, "why?" he comes again to a whole series of circumstances involving the structure and functioning of business. Capital flows into productive uses from two general sources: from the general investment market in which securities are bought by individuals, by savings banks, investment banks, investment trusts and like organizations; and from the surpluses of corporations themselves. This last presents the greater problem; both because it represents by far the larger part of our saving and because it would be most difficult to reach in the interests of any thinkable public policy. At present, we have no control—or hardly any—over the flow of investment capital. But without it, we cannot ever expect to attain a correction of the faults in our anticipations of demand. So long as capital allocation proceeds from individual and diverse guesses concerning the future, necessarily more concerned with an individual policy than a social one, such subsidiary problems as unemployment cannot be solved.

There is, however, another difficulty of at least as great importance. Rationalization proceeds by whim. One business or one industry makes efforts toward it; others do not. Theoretically, those which do can undersell those which do not, because of their lowered costs. They are supposed to capture the markets from their less progressive competitors. But market-capturing is a complex process, and seldom follows the classical course. For one thing, several years are required for the necessary expansion of capital equipment and labor forces. For another, the price of the goods is likely to be kept at the old rate and profits increased. These may, in time, result in surpluses, which are distributed in dividends or used for expansion; but they are quite as likely to be used for merger purposes, in which case prices are kept up for another indefinite period.

The result of this is an abnormal price level which, if it does not restrict buying, at least does not encourage an expansion of it. If buying does not increase as plant capacity does, the capacity cannot all be used. And this in turn has certain results. Overhead costs are increased by failure to operate at capacity, and the profits which could be made by low prices and capacity operation—which would be the policy consumers would choose for industries—are sacrificed to those equally high ones which can be made by the restriction of operations and the maintenance of high prices. If consumers resent this policy, workers may well resent it too, for the restriction cuts down the opportunities of employment.

Our recent industrial history illustrates the inevitable difficulties of an unmanaged system. From 1922 to 1927 we had what might fairly be called prosperity. Factories ran, railways were busy, employment fell off steadily but not seriously, wages kept up, credits remained liquid. But this is to speak in general terms. The farmers did not share notably in the prosperity; there was a continuation of chronic difficulties in bituminous mining, in textiles and in shoes. None of these industries could, or at least did, bring its prices down sufficiently fast to absorb the surpluses of goods created by better technique and enlarged capital commitments. And we seem now to be suffering the inevitable results. It has, for some time, been evident that a race was on between increasing amounts of goods and falling prices. The policy of reducing prices as costs come down has won some adherents among business men, but not enough. Besides, continued increases of standardized goods, however low their prices, finally create a jaded consuming public.

The resulting depression seems not to be a serious one; but part-time shut-downs, added to the substitution of machines for men, which has been such a distinct feature of our recent progress, have created an unemployment situation which is serious. The figure suggested by the Labor Bureau, Inc., of four million seems an under-, rather than an over-statement. Economists have an accepted explanation of the general advantages to workers from rationalization. Increased production at lower costs, they say, means greater demand for goods and therefore more employment. This is admitted to take place only in the long run; but they have always advocated social insurance to tide over those who suffered by losing their jobs. As with so many ointments, there happens to be a fly in this one: the greater demand for goods depends upon progressive price reductions as costs come down. This simply fails to happen because of the failure of competition to operate and our lack of any compulsion to take its place. Price control, then, as well as the direction of investment, seems to be a *sine qua non* of prosperity and, incidentally, of regular employment.

If there is one economic question more than another upon which the candidates for the office of chief executive will have cause, during the coming months, to search their minds for adequate policy, it will be this one of unemployment. Progress and poverty are ancient cronies. Once again they threaten to haunt the platforms which politicians would keep sacred to less delicate, if more simple, appeals. Even Tammany regulars, it is said, are out of work in New York. Governor Smith, whose heart quickens to the needs of common men, seems more likely than any other candidate to penetrate and bring out in simple terms the complex measures necessary for relief. But will he dare go to the bottom of it when he discovers that two of the sacred cows of business have to be haltered? Or will he stop with attempts at the provision of jobs at public work during the crisis? Scarcely a Democratic candidate in our history has had the opportunity to point to unmistakable depression as a contrast with Republican pretensions—the party of prosperity—the full dinner pail! If he will, he can rouse the nation as no candidate ever roused it over an economic issue. But will he risk the affront it involves, the imputation of un-

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intelligence it carries to our business men? If he attacks Republican policy in this, he attacks business, there can be no doubt of that. And if by chance he should find himself President, would that concern for common men and women which he has shown so unmistakably and so often in New York, lead him toward the constructive industrial control which might effect a cure, or will he prefer the cheaper and easier way of meeting problems only in crisis and refusing to see them until the crisis arrives —as Mr. Hoover, with all the information he took so much pains to collect, has apparently preferred to do?

R. G. TUGWELL.

Him

him, by e. e. cummings. Provincetown Playhouse. April 18, 1928.

THE thousands who have read by now Mr. Cummings' extraordinary book, "The Enormous Room," and the fewer people who know well and appreciate his poetry, will undoubtedly want to know just what his play at the Provincetown is like, at least in production—"him" is available in print (Boni and Liveright)—and what impression it makes on a spectator.

We may mention the faults and limitations first, since they are obvious, sure to be mentioned, and, considering the poet's characteristics as we know them already from his other writing and his lack of experience in the theater, no more than might be expected. Some of these faults are innate in the author's character, the defects of his excellences. Some are the result of bad technical craft. Some are purely physical, matters of endurance—we cannot sit through hours and quarters of hours interminably, even if the offering is fair enough.

With that fantastic perversity, extravagance, excess of talk, that mockery, arrogance and naughtiness, that incoherent vehemence and that waywardness and banality, we cannot quarrel, not reasonably. These are the reverse of the things in Mr. Cummings that give us in this play time and again, and oftener in his novel and his poems, that vagrant heat and flying image, that rich texture of detail and idea, that superb irony and mordant boldness, and that wide and passionate beauty and intensity for which we follow him. The regrettable qualities in "him" are the reverse of fine qualities, then, and can be borne—though with more patience afterward than at the time perhaps, for the flesh is weak—just as we can pass over that concern Mr. Cummings has about spelling his play with small letters and his name without capitals—a puzzling stir about nothing, when he has long since made his name all capitals by the blaze of his talent.

But we may, I suppose, with more reason object to the writer's refusal to make the right concessions to the art he works in. A good deal of "him" needs to be cut because it is banal, obvious, in poor taste—the joke about Mr. John Dewey, for an instance, is not bright enough to stand; most of the circus scene needs to be cut out, only enough left to get the focus right for the hero's discovery of the girl at the last moment; and the entire café scene needs to come out—anyone accustomed to the theater cannot be interested in those stale gags about Americans, drinks and bad French, though there is some gayety in the plump lady's ordering *un homme,* stewed, if you like. But these cuts might take care of themselves. What I mean now are those places where the beauty of what is really beautiful, the wit of what is witty and the power of what is strong, must for theater reasons be almost lost.

I can picture the producers, in their theatrical knowledge, urging the author to shorten these scenes and passages, and his standing by his song. But art is long and life is short, and the length of a passage is implicit in it. And length in the theater is not the same as in the art of words. This ought to be obvious. Those scenes between Me and Him are often beautiful in the writing, but they are too long. The stage adds the person, voice, gesture, to the words, which in literature would be all. If you write a description of a bowl of fruit it must be affected by the fact that the fruit will be present when the poem is read. Even lovers cut down words sometimes when other means of expression are ruling the moment. That fine passage in "him," for example, where the young man speaks of the arm, the pulse, the blood, the body and so on, is almost spoiled by its length—as a lyric on a page it might stand, but in the presence of the two lovers and in the light of the scene, its quantity defeats its full aim. Here and there throughout, "him" needs cutting.

The story of "him" occurs in the brain of the patient, who lies on the operating table. It traces the relation of two people to one another, the artist, who sees himself as three persons, the man, the artist and the failure, the girl who loves him and who is forever foiled in her efforts at understanding him. The doctor whose face is the last she sees before unconsciousness, goes in and out of the incidents in one personage and another. The weird sisters chatter. There are scenes from the hero's plays, travesties on various entertainments and writers—Eugene O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" among them—and the recurring scenes between Him and Me; all of which is best seen in the printed text. The dramatic defect of the play, in so far as there is a story turning on the man and the woman, lies in the lack of any one central image or creation from which the emotional subdivisions, analyses and struggles of temperament with temperament, might ramify more naturally and easily and with more potency. As the play stands, the relation of the lovers, while seen with remarkable clarity, beauty and pungency at times, is nevertheless curiously unaccented and monotonously elaborate.

In the program you are warned against taking the piece as anything but a play. "Relax," we are told, "and give this PLAY a chance to strut its stuff—relax, don't worry because it's not like something else—relax, stop wondering what it's all 'about'—like many strange and familiar things, Life included, this PLAY isn't 'about,' it simply is. Don't try to despise it, let it try to despise you. Don't try to enjoy it, let it try to enjoy you. DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND IT, LET IT TRY TO UNDERSTAND YOU."

In an odd sort of fashion this is good advice for "him." I found myself, by letting the piece alone, listening to it as if I were listening to music, serious or comic, anything but bored, not until that third act at least. There was

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a strange verbal excitement always acting on me. There were fantastic combinations, a mad music of ideas, a real poet's intensification of the word, image and tone, a heightening of the beat, that seemed to me fresh and blessed in the theater. The scene with the subconscious self, the shipboard scene with its bubbles bursting one by one, the Frankie and Johnny scene, the Bill identity scene, all these I thought were full of life, poetry and hilarious deviltry. The weird sisters, rocking in their porch chairs in those five interludes of theirs, with their masks, their backs to the audience, their voices so exactly alike, their items of American life, of nonsense, biting epigrams, popular advertisements and slogans, their neighborly mental chaos, seemed to me lively entertainment. Above all, "him," in those places where it was good, was the work of a poet, that was a manifest fact, and a way of saying that the thing conveyed took on its own glamor and vibration.

The directing of "him," nothing if not difficult, with the twenty-one scenes, and the great diversity of ensemble problems and dramatic themes, was admirable, the best in Mr. James Light's career, I think. The diverse settings by Mr. Eugene Fitsch were in key with the play's humor, were inventive, cleverly painted, sometimes—as in the Julius Cæsar scene—quite brilliant. Mr. George Bratt played a number of parts excellently, and Mr. Lawrence Bolton, in the many parts taken by the doctor who gives the anesthetic, played well, and Miss Erin O'Brien Moore, in the part of the girl, brought real sincerity and feeling to her scenes—a good performance. Mr. William S. Johnstone, though he worked honestly at an almost impossible problem, was not able to achieve the same convincing basis for the shadings and variety that were imposed on the part of the hero.

You could not call "him" a success in any complete sense, as a play or a business venture, but the share of the Provincetown Playhouse in its fortunes must be highly commended. Picking a sure-fire piece, or taking a play and doctoring it up safely with the author, is one thing. What the Provincetown has done is quite another. What they have done is to allow an important poet to have his play go through as he wrote it, to hear his own poetry, to follow his imagination and his heart, freely and in good faith. What he will learn from it, nobody can say. But we can say that what he does learn, he could have learned no other way. This opportunity and this faith, available for the artist's use, is what most justifies and distinguishes the Provincetown's existence.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The League and America

SIR: As one of the people referred to as "pro-Leaguers" in your reply to Mr. Alfred Lucking in the New Republic of March 7, 1928, I find it impossible to accept your invitation to "overlook differences" and cease agitation in behalf of a larger position for the United States in the League of Nations. Your reply seems to me to mistake both the present problem of the League and the position of many people in this country with regard to it.

You start with the inquiry "whether the United States by refusing to join the League is or is not hindering the satisfactory organization of world peace?" But your argument is very largely addressed to events of eight or nine years ago. Little purpose is to be served by threshing that old straw. If you were right in your position on the French security treaty in 1919, that cannot serve as a valid reason for an attitude toward United States participation in the League in 1928 and future years. No one is now proposing that the United States should ratify the French security treaty, and it forms no part of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

You do not "look upon isolation as a permanent policy," and you state that "pro-Leaguers are justified in insisting upon the impossibility of the permanent detachment of the United States." But what is our guarantee that there will be anything for the United States to become attached to, when we decide to abandon our isolation? I believe the permanence of the League of Nations is now assured. But it was not so a few years ago, and it would never have become assured if people in other countries had taken the position of the New Republic. Shall the United States take no part in fashioning the League of Nations into which we shall eventually enter? You do not favor "full participation." Do you oppose our participation in such conferences as those in which we were represented in 1927—the Economic Conference, the Conference on Transit and Communications, the Conference on Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions, and the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference? If not, shall the United States continue merely accepting invitations to the conferences which other nations plan and prepare through the League? I fear that your influence is such as to strengthen blind opposition to any kind of participation.

The New Republic seems to be in the clutch of survivals of the end-of-the-War psychology. I do not find any answer to Mr. Lucking's point that you insist upon protecting Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria from a League of Nations of which they themselves are members. You await a "radical modification" of the "political structure of Versailles." But how is that to be accomplished? By another war? If so, your position is understandable. If not so, shall the United States do nothing to strengthen the agency by which efforts are being made to prevent the war? I can see little evidence of the "readjustment" to which Europe is being, or is likely to be, "provoked" by American non-participation. And, of course, our non-participation in the League has not kept us from playing a role in that part of the European settlement to which you most object. For do we not stand behind the Dawes Plan?

You seem to think that United States participation in the League would mean a resumption of a "partnership of unlimited liability" with "its former European associates." Whatever might have been the effect of accepting the Covenant in 1919, surely that is a misstatement of the nature of the League of Nations today. Its fifty-five members are not limited to the European continent. Two North American countries now have seats in the Council. An earnest endeavor is being made at Geneva to deal with those problems which all peoples have in common. Let me cite the recent slavery convention as an example. Those of us who want the United States to take part in that effort are not seeking to extend "American assistance to Europe." We are not merely "American well-wishers of Europe," as you would have us. We are also American well-wishers of America. We believe that the United States as a part of a world community has interests which can only be properly served by organized and continued coöperation with other peoples. It is not "European appeasement" which we seek, so much as it is American "appeasement." Surely an excellent example of the need for this is to be found in the arbitration treaty with France, signed on February 6, 1928. Any comparison of that treaty with the Locarno treaty between France

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and Germany, or with any of the recent arbitration treaties of other countries, will indicate how far we have fallen behind. We have made no advance in our arbitration treaties in twenty years—in the twenty years which spanned the War—chiefly because we have not found a way for the United States to work in organized coöperation with other peoples. For another example, it is only necessary to refer to our fiasco with regard to the World Court.

If every country adopted your argument that its contribution "as an outsider is likely to be more effectual than as an insider," the world would be back in the position which existed before the first Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899. For many of us, that is an impossible position. You seem to regard the position of the United States as a very special one. The people in various countries who have opposed participation in permanent international organization have always done so because of the "special position" of their countries. That is the argument with which international anarchy has always been defended.

Some of us do not advocate "the unqualified adhesion to the League by the United States" as you seem to suppose. But we do insist that Americans' picture of the League of Nations shall not continue to be distorted by their post-war disillusionments, that America's need of such organized and continuous coöperation shall be appreciated, and that a way be found for us to join in the effort to make our world society a governed community. Long after the achievement of the "one great funding operation" foreseen by the New Republic, the League of Nations will be needed by the United States, as well as by the rest of the world. Important as that may be, we cannot accept your invitation to a holiday in more permanent organization while it is being achieved.

Cambridge, Mass. MANLEY O. HUDSON.

A School for Adults

SIR: It is no secret that there is widespread and increasing dissatisfaction with the prevailing "convoy" system of education under which individuals are herded together and carefully chaperoned across the ocean of new knowledge and unexpected truth lest they be startled or shocked to death. One is reminded of the reflection of Henry Adams that "nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts. . . . The chief wonder of education is that it does not ruin everybody concerned in it, teachers and taught."

A few of those who have not yet been "ruined" are constantly attempting to get away from the system of confronting students with the card-index cabinet of accepted knowledge from which, in the best cafeteria style, they may snatch a little here, a little there, relieved of even elementary efforts at independent thought or action, until at the end of the season, by cataloguing the menus for the year, they are assured of having attained to a degree. Only those who have not been "ruined" may ask "a degree of what?"

It will interest some of your readers that one such attempt is now being made at Ashland, Michigan, by Dr. J. E. Kirkpatrick of Olivet and others. They plan to take over the physical plant of the old Ashland Folk High School near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Started by a group of Danish settlers some fifty years ago as a folk-high-school, a few progressive American educators will now turn it into a project in adult education, based on collateral research through group discussion into actual life situations. There will be a summer session from July 30 to September 8 devoted to the following problems:

Sex—marriage—home
Occupational—economic
Community—life
Leisure—play
Educational, both in and out of school
Religion.

The dean of American educators, President-emeritus David Starr Jordan, according to Dr. Kirkpatrick, made the following comment on the new venture: "I shall watch, with interest, the development of your People's College. Some day soon the universities will shed two pests, the examination and the informing lecture." While there is a place for exact information, the emphasis at Ashland will be to educate, that is, to lead forth and develop the potentialities of the individual.

Ann Arbor, Mich. ERIC H. THOMSEN.

A Portrait of the Webbs

SIR: In the present year Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb keep a joint seventieth birthday, and it is proposed to celebrate this event by securing the painting of a joint portrait of them. The range of interests and activities covered by them is very wide and has secured for them the respect and affection of people of many different ways of thinking who have come into contact with them. We hope, therefore, that through your columns we may be assisted in bringing this project to the notice of many who, otherwise, might not hear of it and who would desire to contribute to it. It is proposed that the portrait shall be placed in the new Founders' Room at the London School of Economics, which, among the many creations of the Webbs, holds perhaps a peculiar place in their affections. It is not contemplated, however, that the appeal should be limited in any way to those who are interested only in the School of Economics. We should add that Sir Josiah Stamp has consented to act as Honorary Treasurer of the fund and checks for the portrait may be sent to him at the School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London.

C. S. ADDIS, HENRIETTA O. BARNETT, W. H. BEVERIDGE, WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, HALDANE, VIOLET MARKHAM, GILBERT MURRAY, HERBERT SAMUEL, G. BERNARD SHAW, J. C. STAMP, ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, GRAHAM WALLAS.

London, England.

Llewelyn Powys and Aldous Huxley

SIR: Rather late in the day I have come upon the review of "Proper Studies," by Llewelyn Powys, in your issue of March 14. Since Aldous Huxley has attained something much more than "a certain place amongst the younger writers of modern England," and since Mr. Powys is a man from whom many of us, in America especially, have learned to expect intelligent criticism, it would seem that a few words of protest are needed against an article that is singularly lacking in perception.

Mr. Powys' disparagement of Aldous Huxley misses its mark for the simple reason that it is linked with numerous quotations from "Proper Studies," nearly all of which are so accurate and sensible that they furnish the needed corrective as the reviewer proceeds. I note here only two points out of many.

1. Mr. Powys apparently does not see why Aldous Huxley "recoils from the pretty, playful ways" of our modern young people in their casual matings. In "The Verdict of Bridlegoose," to be sure, Mr. Powys has set forth his view that they should suffer no restraint; but it is not difficult, I submit, to understand why even the author of "Antic Hay"—being, after all, a Huxley—should deem it advisable that a line be drawn somewhere!

2. Mr. Powys says: "In London at the present time it is almost impossible to find a young man of letters who is willing to talk simply and seriously on any matter of interest." I have the honor to affirm that that is plain rubbish. One could name a dozen of them off-hand.

Washington, D. C. S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Where?

SIR: In an interesting article on Cleveland by Mr. R. L. Duffus in your recent issue, the public library of that city is praised as one in which readers are "actually treated like citizens instead of like convicts." There is a disquieting inference here, and librarians would like to know the names of the institutions in which Mr. Duffus has found that readers are treated like convicts. Will he not specify? ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK.

Librarian, St. Louis Public Library, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Chinese Revolution

China: A Nation in Evolution, by Paul Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 447 pages. $3.

The Chinese Puzzle, by Arthur Ransome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 189 pages. $2.

Interpretations, by Emory R. Johnson. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 224 pages. $2.

TO understand life in China," says Monroe, "take a pinch of the struggle of the Early Church; throw in a little of the European Renaissance; add some of the wild thinking and bloody events of the French Revolution; pour in a good quantity of the Spirit of 1776; add a little Bolshevik red pepper; then mix well and cook until half-baked."

It is well to approach the Chinese situation with a sense of humor—and a sense of perspective. Both will be needed. Western opinion in China regarding China is divided as perhaps nowhere else in the world on any subject. Many are definitely favorable to Chinese aspirations. Many, on the other hand, some who have lived long in China, have become "disillusioned." "To them China is a hopeless muddle, the Chinese hopelessly incompetent, the political, social and military situation is one of complete confusion." Monroe finds that these "disillusioned" are thorough. "They have no use for the Chinese; nor for their own governments; nor for their own diplomatic representatives; nor for the missionary or his work; nor for the idealist or sentimentalist; nor for any outsider's point of view."

Part of this unfavorable attitude—the "Shanghai Mind" Ransome calls it, though found, of course, in all the treaty ports—depends on valuable privilege now removed or threatened. Many have prospered in the past at trading. Accustomed to privileged protection from their governments as well as to small taxes and large profits, they strenuously object to any change which threatens these special privileges. Forming small self-contained groups, enjoying the fawning service of *compradores* and coolies, the holders of these privileges have developed during the decades an outlook on life of which a "superiority complex" is a striking characteristic. To meet all such one does need a sense of humor.

But a perspective is equally necessary, else there will be no adequate understanding of the situation. This understanding Professor Monroe has and presents to his reader. No other available book so well gives the picture as a whole, especially in its cultural and historical setting. For rendering this service Dr. Monroe is peculiarly fitted. During the past fifteen years he has brought an unusual training as sociologist and historian to bear on the study of educational and cultural conditions in the East, particularly in China. Possibly no one now living is better prepared to give us an adequate survey of the Chinese problem. If anything were needed to establish the acceptance of Professor Monroe with the Chinese people, the foreword by Alfred Sze, Minister of China to the United States, would supply it.

The subtitle of the book states in brief the point of view: "a nation in evolution." China is evolving, with great difficulty adjusting itself, but still evolving. A process of change is now in operation from an old and static society to a society cast more along western lines. The essential elements in the old situation were an exceptionally high and well knit civilization built largely around an ancestor-worshiping family, the whole uniquely stable. Growing contacts with the West have introduced factors which are changing the character of this long-established civilization. The present situation of unrest is but the inevitable accompaniment of such a shift.

There is thus in China of today, according to Monroe, taking place before us the formation of a modern nation, comparable to the process through which all western peoples have gone. In the West the great revolutionary changes followed each other often by centuries, the "Renaissance," the "Reformation," the overthrow of Feudalism, the political revolution of the eighteenth century, the industrial revolution of the nineteenth. In China these changes are being compressed into the lifetime of one generation.

The book, after a preliminary survey, devotes three chapters to the background, physical, institutional, philosophical. Then, after a chapter on contacts with the West there follows the consequent development, the republic, Sun Yat-Sen and the Nationalist movement, Russia and China, the American policy in reference to China, modern education and the student movement, Christianity and mission work. Two concluding chapters invite us to consider "the Chinese puzzle," first, "from inside looking out," and next, "from outside looking in."

As Professor Monroe sees it, the Nationalistic cause in China is just and deserves to win, and it will be greatly to the real interest of foreign powers and of friendly international relations when this has taken place. With regard to the Russians, they have helped the Nationalist cause by supplying leadership and organization, by finding definite objectives, formulating them into catchwords, and by furnishing a technique for arousing mass enthusiasm and antagonism. But in certain respects their influence, particularly on the students and peasants, has had disastrous results. As to Christianity, there is no reason why it should not become more significant than hitherto, but this is possible only if it become Chinese.

That the "unequal treaties" are out of date, our government has already agreed in principle; but still we do little or nothing about it. The situation needs now a policy of action and not of drift. To which the reviewer will add that we need representation in China more appreciative of the psychology of the situation than of its mere legality. If we do not soon take a stand of positive helpfulness, we are in danger of losing one of the greatest opportunities of cementing a lasting friendship that ever confronted any people.

Ransome is a British correspondent who made a trip to China in the first half of 1927 and wrote back what he saw to the Manchester Guardian and the Baltimore Sun. What he writes is excellent in character and liberal in outlook. His insight is keen and reliable, with possibly a little too roseate a view of some of the events. His estimate of "the Shanghai Mind" is excellent. He correctly sees in the military revolution the effort of China to rid itself of the war lords, a fact which many foreign newspapers have taken pains to hide from the West.

Johnson's book is a pleasing account of travels, three chapters to China and four to Great Britain, with no connection between. One of the Chinese chapters tells interestingly of "a visit to the home of Confucius," the other two treat of "China today" and "China tomorrow." All three are good, but for an understanding of the Chinese situation Johnson is overshadowed by Ransome, and very much more so by Monroe.

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK.

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A Modern Apocalypse

Solitaria, by V. V. Rozanov. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky. New York: Boni and Liveright. 188 pages. $4.

I AM simply a wonderful man," Rozanov once wrote, characteristically, on the sole of his slipper while bathing. We are inclined to agree with him, although perhaps for reasons of our own. His career was incredible enough to qualify him for the pages of Dostoyevsky (whom he admired and whose mistress he married while he was still a student at Moscow); but the external facts of that career merely afford another instance of the futility of objective biography. Almost every action of his life was a contradiction of his nature. He began as a teacher in the provinces, privately regarding the members of his profession as *prostitués pêcheurs*. For twenty years associated with a reactionary Petersburg daily, he thought of the press as "a machine gun fired by an idiotic non-com." During this time he enjoyed a considerable reputation as the *feuilletoniste* of Russian conservatism, all of whose illusions he attacked elsewhere, with equal vigor, under a pseudonym. After the Revolution he was reduced to a lonely figure picking up cigarette ends outside public-houses and railway stations; but in his note-book at home rested the high statement that of all the men he had met—including types so unlike as Tolstoy and Rasputin—only three were more gifted, more original, more unusual than himself. He died in January, 1919, after a lifetime spent fighting Christ and the Christian ideal, having received the last sacrament four times, and three times requested that the prayers for the dying be read over him.

The present translation of his notes, "Solitaria" and parts of "The Apocalypse of Our Time," constitutes a seismographic report of his extraordinary mind. At the same time it might be made to serve as a seismographic report of the modern mind as a whole: the characteristic gesture of our age being man, not with a book, but with a note-book, in his hand. Before the multiple flood of contemporary thought and sensation such a nervous mentality as Rozanov's can pause only long enough to make the briefest memorandum of the passing revelation of despair. At the end he felt, like Paul Valéry, that to write was to "miss" life. It is impossible to do more than indicate the nature and direction of these observations, or "exclamations," jotted down over a period of years and at the most disparate moments. He writes down his thoughts on prostitution while attending a friend's funeral; but in the Zagorodny Square at night, with prostitutes all around him, he becomes lyrical, "Create spirit, create spirit, create spirit! Look, it has all crumbled to pieces . . ." Driving in a cab, he remarks of virtue that it is so often merely a case of "I do not want to" or "I want it so very little." The range of interests reflected in his entries is enormous: love, religion, literature, philosophy, all the problems and half-problems of experience that disturb a man painfully aware of his universe. "I am not yet such a scoundrel as to think of morality," he writes, but his own morals afford the subject for much mournful speculation. The notations concerning writers and the writing impulse may be found especially valuable, perhaps even more probing than those in Chekhov's journal. Literature itself he came to regard as nearly all babble. He has much to say about fame and the attendant snares of the literary life: "If anyone will say a word of praise at my open grave, I'll get out of my coffin and smack his face." For him writing was a habit, a weakness, something that gave relief but kept him away from life. The single idea to which he adheres with any fidelity throughout his work is the identification of sex with religion. At times this is expressed as a kind of modern priapism; but on the whole one gets no more than the impression of a diffuse sexuality, with the hint also that sex was perhaps the indirect source of the splendid agitation of his spirit. What interests us in Rozanov, however, is not the "ideas," their importance or originality, but the mechanism of a mind always at work and always alive; what excites us is the feeling of being present at the secret and hieratic fusion of ideas with experience. We are not impressed in his work by what he believed was the immensity of the "horizons revealed": "The Apocalypse of Our Time" proves as murky through the rifts as the apocalypses of other times. But we can understand and be moved by an illumination so simple and humble as this: "Perhaps we live all our life long to be *worthy of the grave.*"

WILLIAM TROY.

Democracy and Distinction

Democratic Distinction in America, by W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 270 pages. $2.50.

TO THE rapidly increasing ranks of native commentators on the state of affairs in America today, W. C. Brownell, the veteran critic, has been added. For the benefit of those who thrive on sensationalism, it should be said at once that his book does not attempt to "expose" our materialism or the grotesque absurdities of our conduct. It is merely a mild and somewhat pedantic affirmation that, contrary to the opinion of certain critics, democracy and distinction are not incompatible. According to Mr. Brownell, we have already given proof of this in our politics, but culturally we have still to justify ourselves.

Methodically and very seriously Mr. Brownell describes the national traits—good will, individualism, a sense of fraternity—which he believes to be the basis of what distinction we possess, and then proceeds to analyze the contributions made by tradition, formal education and the recently developed popular culture, which he views as the most hopeful factor in our progress toward democratic distinction. Eventually, he thinks, it will cure us of our social immaturity and remedy our defects in taste. As university extension courses, visiting lecturers, the radio, the movies and the syndicate strip are among the agencies of popular culture mentioned by Mr. Brownell, it may seem, perhaps, that he is unduly optimistic.

There is a measure of sound common sense in this book but, however subtly, it remains remote from our actual passions and problems. It savors of the cloister, and expresses the ideals of another generation. One realizes this most clearly from the things which Mr. Brownell deplores—the invasion of the colleges by the outside world and the consequent loss of a unified classical tradition, the lack of "sentiment" in our humor, the weakened grip of the Church, the tendencies of our current literature. His point of view may be right, but he is unable to comprehend, far less to appreciate, these phenomena in the way that a substantial critic should. It is not for nothing that, throughout his book, Mr. Brownell quotes more liberally from Henry James than from any other writer save Arnold.

EDITH H. WALTON.

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The Wizard of the Law

Rufus Choate: The Wizard of the Law, by Claude M. Fuess. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 278 pages. $3.50.

RUFUS CHOATE is remarkable in American history as a lawyer who has won a kind of permanent fame solely as a lawyer, if to this role one adds the two or three great speeches, chiefly the "Eulogy of Daniel Webster," that have caused him to be remembered also as an orator. He did, indeed, enter politics during brief periods of his career, serving for a year in the Massachusetts Legislature, for four years in Congress and for one term in the Senate, but he associated himself with no important political issues and his reputation would have been neither greater nor less if he had restricted himself solely to that "advocacy" which he said ought to be the "great aim" of a young man, with excursions into the field of public speaking such as almost every eminent lawyer of his time was called upon to make. "There's nothing else," he said of the law, "for any man of intellect to like. Politics is shifting, unsteady and capricious and doesn't satisfy the intellect." Yet even in the law the majority of Choate's cases were local and even petty, and he had the reputation of a certain unscrupulousness in accepting causes of doubtful validity.

How, then, did he attain his immense and permanent reputation? Mr. Fuess has been very successful in assembling the evidence. "I have heard the most eminent advocates," said one of Choate's contemporaries, "but he surpasses them all." His passion, his conviction, his fire, his nervous energy, his wit and eloquence, his agility seem to have been without parallel, though it is to be remembered that in Choate's time the law offered a far greater scope to the mental and spiritual faculties than it has done at any subsequent period. He was also, it goes without saying, a first-rate classical scholar, who planned a comprehensive work on the history and culture of ancient Greece, which he only abandoned when Grote's history appeared; who believed that public characters could only be properly fitted for their tasks by "profound and liberal studies"; who never let a day pass without spending at least a few minutes on his Latin and Greek; who knew the flattering effect produced on a jury by reciting to them a few Latin quotations; and who studied German late in life and made himself familiar with German philosophy.

"More *terrible* than Webster," as Professor Greenleaf said, he was so formidable that the ablest attorneys in Boston dreaded to oppose him; but his skill in persuading a jury seems to have been the greatest of his arts. "No gambler," said Senator Hoar, "ever hankered for the feverish delight of the gaming table as Choate did for that absorbing game, half-chance, half-skill, where twelve human dice must all turn up together one way, or there is no victory." Absolutely determined to win, he trained on these frequently stubborn jurors a barrage of tactics that made him irresistible, in one instance talking for five hours to the foreman, who was a hard-headed, defiant business man, "gliding his way subtly into the man's confidence," says Mr. Fuess, "until at last the face of the obstructive juror indicated agreement with the advocate's views. By sheer persistence, Rufus Choate had won!" And his was the kind of art that conceals art. Jurymen would enter the box "resolved to resist the great seducer," but Choate carefully avoided giving them the impression that he was about to attack them. "He would begin," Mr. Fuess says, "in a conversational tone as if he were about to take them into his confidence, complimenting them on their courtesy and intelligence, appealing craftily to their pride. . . . Having gripped their attention, he would slip unobtrusively into the argument, and, almost without realizing it, the juror who had hardened his heart against Choate's wiles would soften until he yielded fully and gladly to the enchantment of the magician."

Highly specialized as Choate's career was, the man was notably human, of striking appearance—"the handsomest homely man in the world," a prodigious reader, whimsical and picturesque in all his ways; and it was of Choate that Richard Henry Dana said: "In his presence I felt like the master of a small coasting-vessel that hugs the shore, that has run up under the lee to speak to a great homeward-bound Indiaman, freighted with silks and precious stones, spices and costly fabrics, with sky-sails and studding-sails spread to the breeze."

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Guinea-Fowl

Guinea-Fowl and Other Poultry, by Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 121 pages. $2.

THE satirical verse is the best reading in Leonard Bacon's "Guinea-Fowl and Other Poultry." As a whole, the satire is witty and acute, if rather over-literary, and it possesses the amiable virtue of not aiming too high. Mr. Bacon is content to direct a facile and downright intelligence toward such subjects as two aspects of life in a mid-western college in "The Mound Builders," or Cambridge literary circles of the reign of Amy Lowell in "The Banquet of the Poets." "The Princess: A Medley" is little more than a *tour de force,* but despite its bookish origins, the thing is carried along by the vivacity of the creditable Byronic style. The mischief that befalls St. Giles, "the mild mechanical couturier," through reading Tennyson's "Princess," and being loved by the resurgent Duchess of Fitzfulke and a Negro Amazon, provides, all in all, a fine piece of amusement. In "The Mound-Builders" the parts dealing with the death of the professor's wife merely tend to retard and overburden the poem rather than to achieve the intended irony, and this criticism seems to apply in general to the more serious pieces of the volume.

The weakness of Mr. Bacon's method is apparent whenever his verse is subjected to any emotional tension. The method is eminently fitted for one sort of writing and equally unfitted for another; the author sometimes fails to recognize the distinction. A passage from "The Mound-Builders" indicates this weakness:

> The wild roar did not slacken. Yet very still
> The chamber grew, besieged by hateful noise.
> They knew the invisible groom had had his will.
> The dust to which all golden girls and boys
> And chimney-sweepers come, for good or ill
> Lay without throb and done with all employs.
> The doctor rose erect, pulled down his waistcoat,
> And said: "I did my best. I'm sorry Prescott."

The most successful poem within the scope prescribed for it is "The Banquet of the Poets," which should be read as long as the names of Amy Lowell, Professor Lowes, Vachel Lindsay, Masters, and the "Spectrists," are with us. However dubious an immortality that implies for it, the

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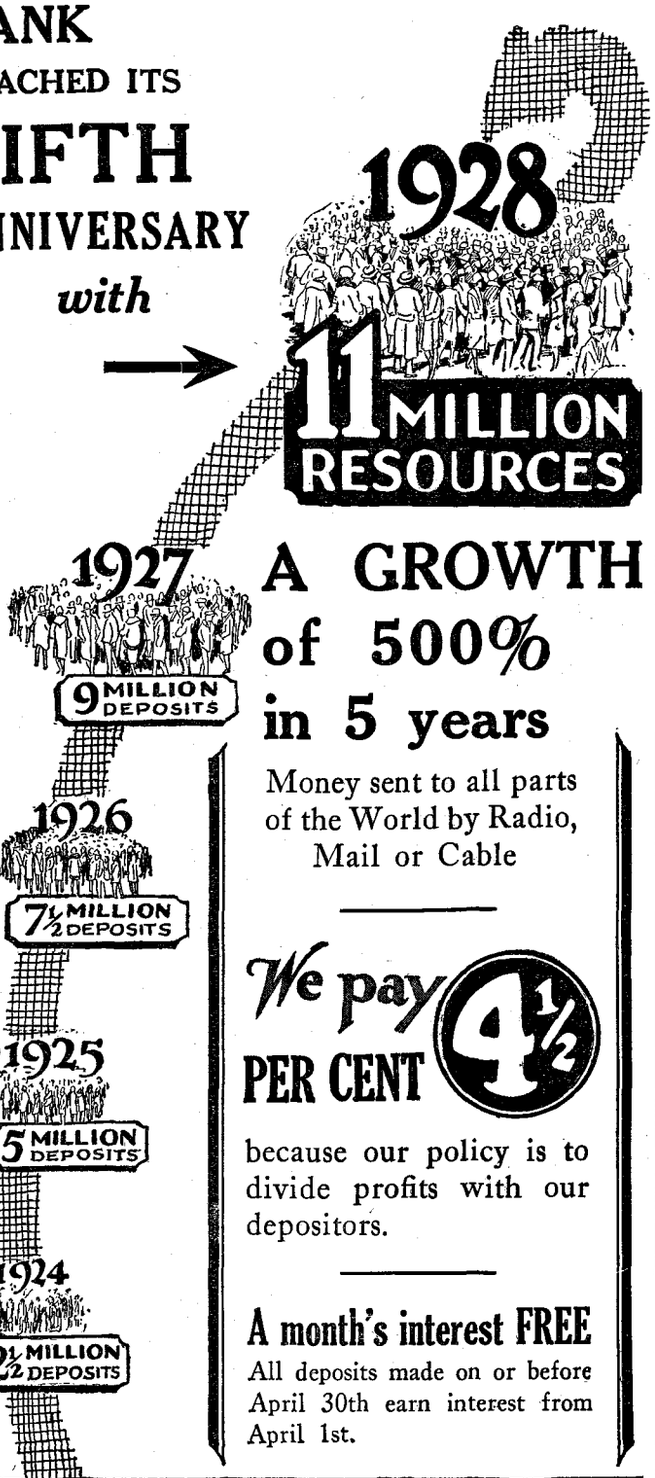

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satire here is consistent and never over-reaches itself.

> A Shelley with St. Vitus Dance and quinsey
> Loped to the Hostess, while they hesitated.
> Then goldenly he spake. 'Twas Vachel Lindsay,
> Whose every vowel is electroplated.

Mr. Bacon has a real sense for satirical portraiture, for those incidental foibles that serve as a criticism of the whole. He seems to be developing an edged and flexible style and a method of attack that has a certain freedom despite its imitative qualities. All of this present work may be but exercise in preparation for a time when he intends to do more than amuse us.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Cézanne

Cézanne, by Julius Meier-Graefe; translated by J. Holroyd-Reece. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 66 pages, 106 plates. $22.50.

Cézanne: A Study of His Development, by Roger Fry. New York: The Macmillan Company. 88 pages, 40 plates. $3.50.

THE life of Cézanne exists only in his art, and is comprehended only by his art: there is no other life of this master, or rather, that which exists is a little petty and ridiculous: a picture of a young Provençal ranting and boasting as a student in Paris, of a painter of nudes, reduced to a state of terrified sweat before the actual model, of a hyper-sensitive irascible man who would explode at the slightest interruption, of a slow-working, stupid, cunning mind, that had no intellectual activity whatever except what could be revealed at the point of a brush. The actual character was one of those dim, groping, demonic men that Dostoyevsky portrayed: the very antithesis of the conscious, capable, explicit personalities who dominated the Renaissance. Mr. Meier-Graefe's biography is a superb portrait of the man and his work; but the problem before him was exactly the contrary of that which faced him in Vincent van Gogh. Here the personality, his trials, his life adventures, are incidental matters: the esthetic projection of that personality, its development from a violent, somewhat sentimental baroque into an architectural order of design which brought within its scope landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and firmly articulated them—this is his subject; and he handles it with his usual richness of illustration and psychological penetration and esthetic skill. Mr. Meier-Graefe has Elie Faure's color, without his wordy nebulousness; he has Mr. Roger Fry's esthetic keenness, without the tendency to forget the personality and the cultural setting that project and define and give additional meaning to the work of art. Mr. Meier-Graefe's study of Cézanne could hardly be surpassed on its own ground; but fortunately, Mr. Roger Fry has chosen different ground, and his detailed analysis, a painter's analysis, of Cézanne's pictures, based chiefly on those in the Pellerin collection, is a veritable guide to the art of seeing, as well as an appreciation of Cézanne. One approaches Cézanne, not to sympathize with a new intuition of life, but to enter and to participate in a great work of construction; and Mr. Fry's analysis of Cézanne's palette, of his methods of work, and his technical feats in spatialization, is a true avenue to appreciation. Both these studies are permanent additions to the literature of art.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Recent Fiction

Once More Ye Laurels, by David Cort. New York: The John Day Company. $2.

DAVID CORT has a polished style and a nice taste for irony but as yet, apparently, he has not found material upon which to exercise these gifts, for "Once More Ye Laurels," his first novel, is empty and artificial. Its hero is young Mr. Dorney Dorney-Peters, heir to a family tradition of frustrated talent, who wishes to live idly and elegantly, to be unpredictable and untouched. Wasteful of his gifts and professing to despise the heritage which stretches back to his great-great-grandmother, Camilla, he leads in New York a frothy, dissipated existence which becomes, in the telling, incredibly tedious. With the refusal of his novel, however, Mr. Dorney-Peters realizes that he has not escaped the family tradition, that it was the conviction of possessing genius which had sustained him in his arrogance, and that, without it, life is unprofitable. If Mr. Cort were less aridly clever, or had more knowledge of how people actually talk and behave, he might have made something of a good theme.

She Walks in Beauty, by Dawn Powell. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

DESPITE occasional crudities and lapses into bathos, "She Walks in Beauty" has the stir of life in it—an encouraging attribute for a first novel. It is a small-town story of two young girls, Linda and Dorrie Shirley, who are brought up in the dubious squalor of Aunt Julie's railroad boarding house. Linda is a squeamish, petty snob, determined to win a place in the provincial society which despises her because of her environment. Dorrie, on the other hand, has an unquenchable zest for life and an unconscious sense of beauty, which enable her to find delight in the eccentric rags of humanity by whom she is surrounded. Each of the sisters is rewarded, quite logically, according to her expectations and deserts, but Miss Powell wisely refrains from pointing any moral.

E. H. W.

Contributors

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON is professor of economics in the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance, University of Pennsylvania.

MARY M. COLUM, wife of the poet Padraic Colum, is a graduate of the National University of Ireland, and a contributor to current periodicals.

"LEWIS COREY" is the pseudonym of the author of "Who Owns the Nation's Wealth?" which appeared in the New Republic of August 10, 1927.

AARON COPLAND, a young American composer, is lecturer on modern music at the New School for Social Research.

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK is professor of the philosophy of education in Teachers College, Columbia University. He spent some time in 1926-27 in the Orient.

WILLIAM TROY is an instructor in New York University, and one of the editors of The Figure in the Carpet.

EDITH H. WALTON is on the staff of International Studio.

VAN WYCK BROOKS is the author of "America's Coming of Age," "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and other books.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is a poet, at present a graduate student at Yale University. He was formerly one of the editors of The Fugitive.

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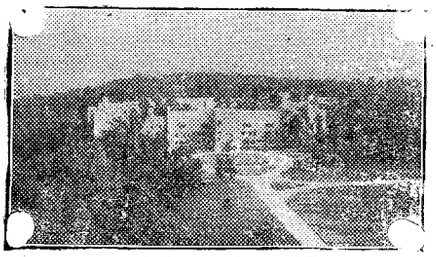

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